

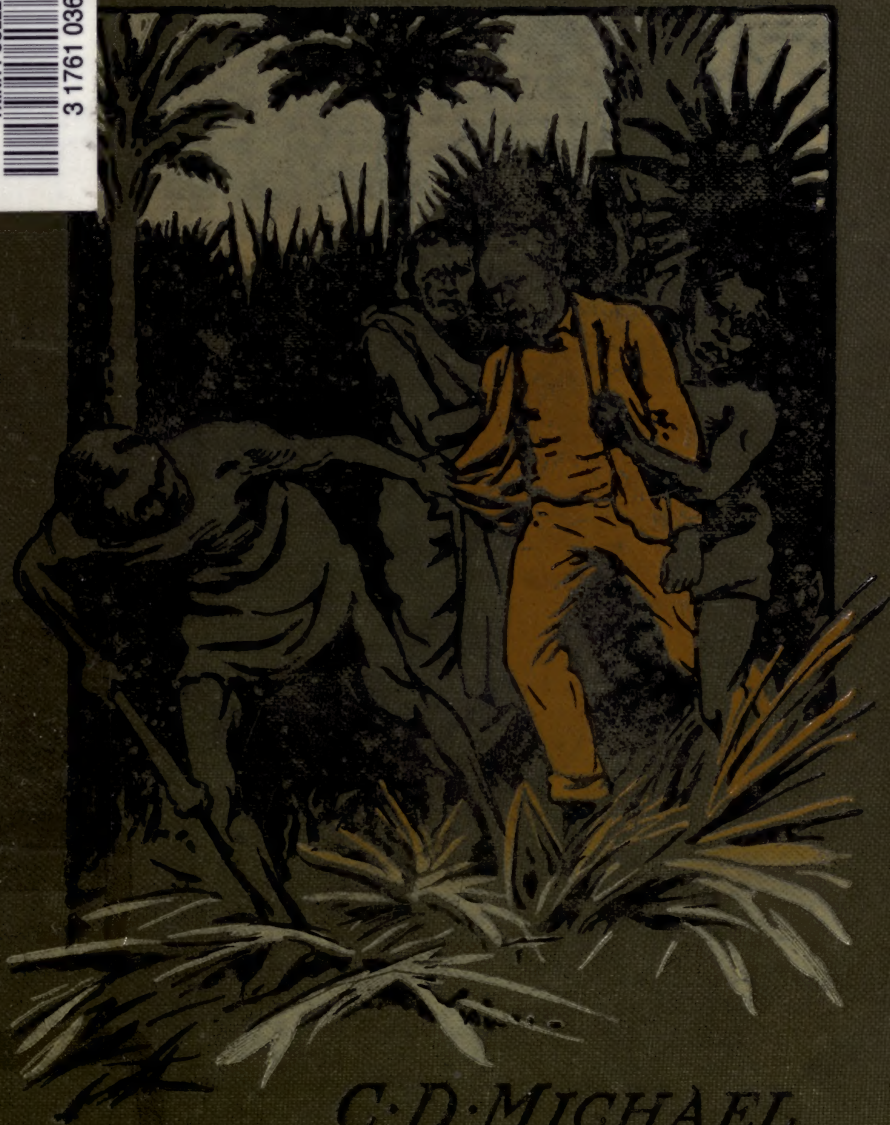
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# JAMES HANNINGTON

## BISHOP AND MARTYR



*C. D. MICHAEL*



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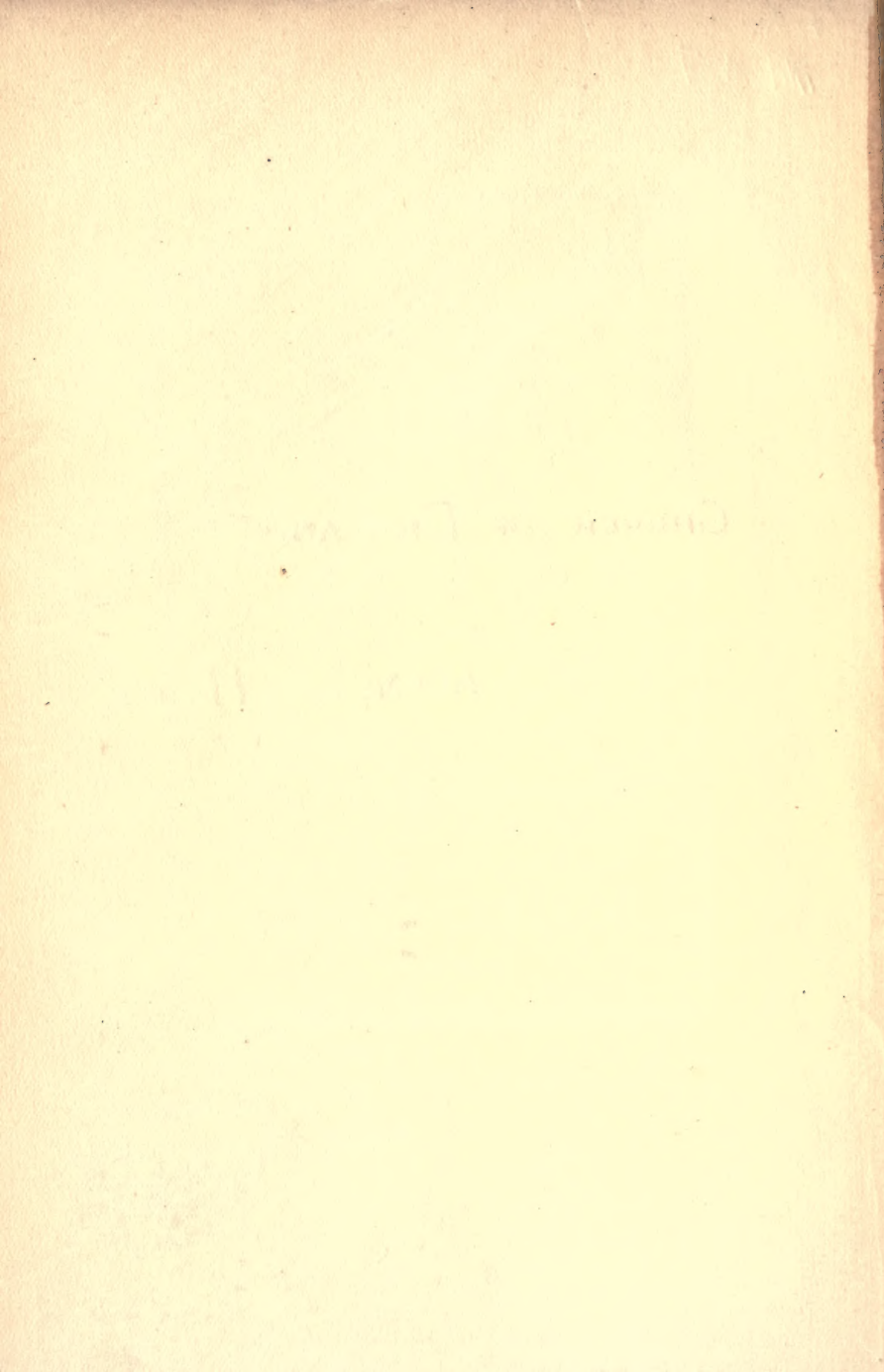
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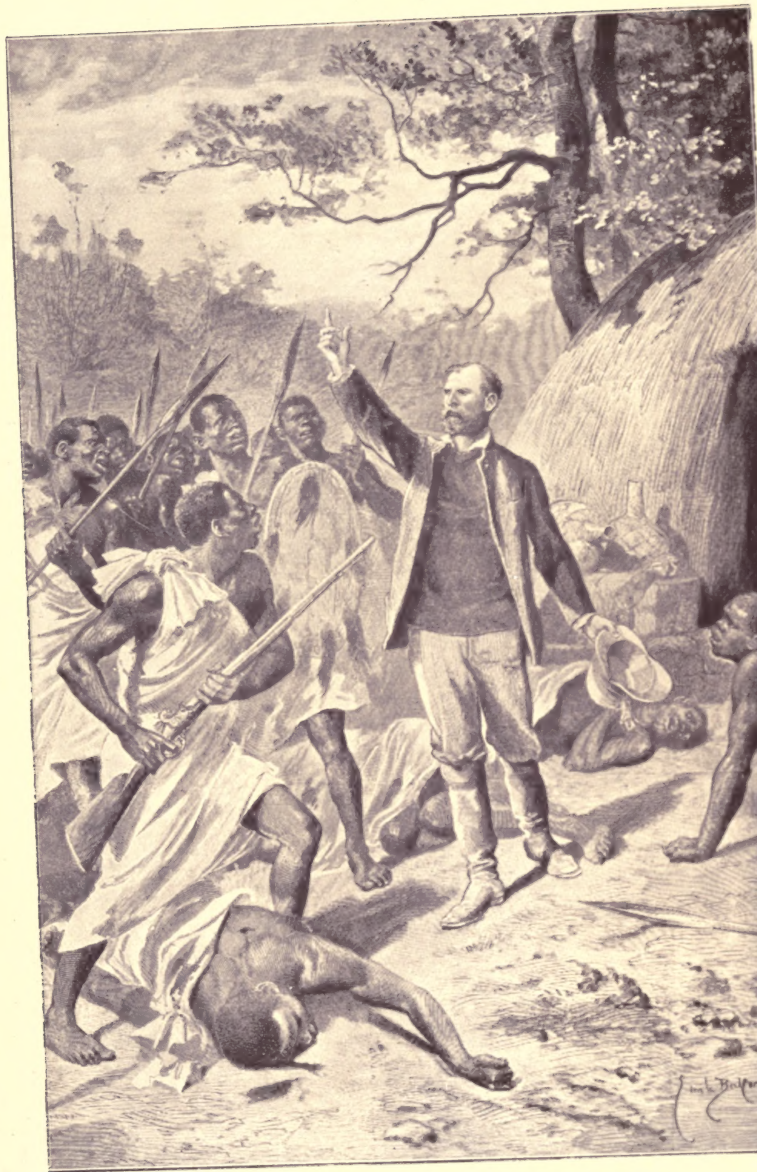
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THE MARTYRDOM OF BISHOP HANNINGTON.

# James Hannington

Bishop and Martyr

The Story of a Noble Life

BY

CHARLES D. MICHAEL

AUTHOR OF "THE SLAVE AND HIS CHAMPIONS,"  
"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," ETC.

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

*(Including Reproductions of Original Paintings and Pen-and-  
Ink Sketches by Bishop Hannington)*

LONDON

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## PREFACE

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“**I** ENJOY the uphill, struggling path most of all.”

So wrote James Hannington of himself; and his whole life was a testimony to the truth of this estimate of his own character. Each achievement was but a stepping-stone to some fresh conquest; and all his striving had for its object, not personal glory and gratification, but the glory of God and the good of others.

In the following pages no attempt has been made to tell in full detail the story of Bishop Hannington's career, but merely to give in outline the principal facts and most prominent incidents in a life that was singularly rich in all those qualities of heart and mind which make a man beloved of those who live in close communion with him.

A more unselfish soul never breathed, nor one whose personality was more attractive.

His earnestness of purpose was evident in all that he undertook. Alike in his home life, in his ministerial work, and in his brief but glorious missionary career, he proved himself capable of complete devotion



## Preface

to the interests of those who loved and trusted him ; and in the supreme sacrifice of his life on the threshold of Uganda, he showed that it is possible for a man who is consecrated, heart and soul, to the service of God and humanity, to give up literally all that he hath in noblest surrender for the purpose to which he has dedicated himself.

James Hannington, Bishop and martyr, is dead, but his spirit lives ; and to-day the story of his bravery and devotion has power to move the pulses and stir the hearts of those who can appreciate the highest attributes of our human nature.

We leave the story to speak for itself. It is one of the most inspiring in the annals of missionary endeavour and achievement ; and it has its lesson, not only for those who hear the call to go forth to the fields that are white unto harvest, but for all who own the supremacy of the Lord whom James Hannington loved even unto death.

It only remains for the author to acknowledge his indebtedness for many of the facts contained in this volume to "James Hannington: A History of his Life and Work," by the Rev. E. C. Dawson, M.A. ; "The Wonderful Story of Uganda," by the Rev. J. D. Mullins, M.A. ; and to Mrs. Hannington and the Church Missionary Society, for kind permission to quote from the Bishop's diaries and from the Society's journals.



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# James Hannington

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## CHAPTER I

### BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

JAMES HANNINGTON, Bishop and martyr, was born on 3rd September, 1847, in the pretty Sussex village of Hurstpierpoint, about eight miles from Brighton. He was the eighth child of his father, Mr. Charles Smith Hannington, who owned a large drapery business in Brighton. The family had long been established in the busy seaside town, and lived there until just before the birth of James, when they removed to St. George's, Hurstpierpoint, which henceforth became their home.

The foundation of the family fortune was laid by the grandfather of James, of whom it is recorded that he was a man of keen business instincts, who "never wanted a holiday, and never thought that other people wanted one. Thoroughly liberal, upright, and religious, no man more so, a firm and strict master, greatly loved, but also greatly feared." His son—James's father—improved and extended the business bequeathed to him, and thus was enabled to purchase the beautiful country home in which James was born.

The house in which the future Bishop first saw the

## James Hannington

light stands at the entrance to Hurst—for so the inhabitants shorten the somewhat cumbersome name of their village—and its charming grounds form a perfect child's paradise. Almost as soon as James could walk he familiarised himself with every nook and corner of the place; and the love of exploration and the keenness for nature study which so distinguished his later years were manifest in the zeal with which, in his baby days, he “explored” and “collected” within the confines of his father's domain.

In the grounds of St. George's were two small lakes—spacious enough, doubtless, to the imaginative baby mind—on whose placid surface grew wonderful flowers that his tiny fingers longed in vain to grasp; and in whose fearsome depths lived strange creatures that now and then delighted him by coming near the surface to disport themselves. There were winding paths, too, and shrubberies. What endless opportunities they afforded for hiding from wild beasts, and alternately personating those same savage creatures, to the joyful alarm of the brothers and sisters who joined in the fun of make-believe! And the nests in the bushes; the haunts of the beetle in the tree trunks; the jewelled web of the spider in the hedges; the chrysalis so cunningly hidden, yet plain enough to eyes that are trained to seek it—what a charm there must have been in these, and such as these, to the child of whom it has been said that he was a born naturalist.

To the end of his life the love of nature was one of the most strongly marked characteristics of James Hannington; and no holiday or expedition was considered by him worth while unless it afforded opportunities for adding to his store of knowledge of the



## Birth and Boyhood

realm of nature, and contributing to his collection of rare and beautiful specimens.

His passionate love of nature was inherited from his mother, who encouraged it and helped to foster it in every possible way. Between her and her son there was always the most tender love and devotion—his “sweetest, dearest mother” he called her—and there can be no doubt that much of the pleasure and profit he derived from his liking for out-door pursuits and interests he owed to her influence and training.

In his early years his general education seems to have been somewhat neglected. He was allowed almost unbounded liberty; but a fault was visited with severe punishment. Apparently he was permitted to do very much as he liked, so long as he did nothing wrong; but his boyish transgressions were visited with a severity of which he himself said that he was not sure it did not destroy his moral courage—a virtue which he once declared he did not possess. But in this self-depreciation he did himself an injustice. The story of his life makes it abundantly clear that he was by no means lacking in moral courage; and if this was not natural to him, then the greater honour is his for having acquired it.

As to his physical courage there can be no question. Mr. Dawson, his friend and biographer, records many incidents which prove that he knew nothing of the meaning of fear. He tells, for instance, how, at the age of seven, he clambered unnoticed up the mast of his father's yacht, and was at last discovered high aloft, suspended on some projection by the seat of his trousers!

In his twentieth year, having sprained his ankle, and

## James Hannington

as nearly as possible fractured the fibula, he was ordered by the doctor not to walk for a fortnight. The same evening he went to the rehearsal of a play he was to take part in, and also to hear the *Messiah*. A week later, unable to put his foot to the ground, he hopped into a bath chair, and went out shooting, not without result. Having re-ricked his foot, so that he was again unable to put it to the ground, he, next day, made off on the saddle to a meet of the stag-hounds; and while it was still impossible to get a boot on the bad foot, he made a brave figure with the single sound foot on the ice at "outer edge and threes."

At eleven years of age he was permitted to make his first yachting trip alone with his elder brother. On setting out he had to pinch himself again and again to assure himself that the pleasure was a reality and not a dream. It was a glorious trip; and one of its chief glories seems to have been that everything on board was of the roughest description. The young voyagers waited upon themselves, made their own beds, and did all their own domestic work. Sea-pies and "plum-duff" were their standing dishes. All this only added to their enjoyment, and they were as happy and contented as the days were long.

The owner and captain of the yacht was a man named Redman. One night James was roused from sleep by an unusual noise and commotion on deck. He formed his own opinion as to the cause; and, boy though he was, he went alone to investigate, without stopping to wake his brother. However, Sam had also been disturbed by the noise, and insisted on James returning to bed, fearing he might get hurt. The boy was disappointed; but he saw the captain on the

## Birth and Boyhood

deck in a state of intoxication, and a woman with him, while a man in a boat held on to the side of the yacht. The outraged voyagers heard the woman demanding from Redman what was apparently the only piece of plate they possessed. "I *will* have the silver spoon, Uncle Joe," she said. But here the boatman, becoming impatient, declared he would wait no longer; so the visitor had to leave the yacht, and the spoon was saved.

Next morning, Redman, who had no idea his passengers were aware he had had a guest on board, was very much taken aback when eleven-year-old James calmly asked him before everybody why his niece wanted the ship's one and only silver spoon. In the end the captain was forgiven, and the cruise was continued to the end in absolute enjoyment, the little adventure of "Uncle Joe" only having added to the fun.

So much had the yachting trip been appreciated that James forthwith made up his mind to go to sea; but his parents would not permit this. An elder brother, who had joined the Navy, had been drowned at sea, and the Hanningtons had resolved not to permit another of their sons to become a sailor.

His boyhood was as crowded with adventures as his later life—and as a rule he came to no harm. One youthful escapade was memorable, however, since it cost him the thumb of his left hand. With the keeper's son, Joe, he was trying to take a wasp's nest; and for the purpose he decided to use damp gunpowder squibs, or "blue devils." He had recently acquired the art of making these fearsome fireworks, and, boylike, was anxious to use them. With a broken powder flask he succeeded in preparing the squibs; and as soon as they were ready, he wanted to "try" one. He and his



## James Hannington

companion-in-mischief attempted to light one with touch paper. The result was not quite to their satisfaction; and with a view to hastening matters, James thought he would try the effect of pouring a little powder on to the squib. But he did not know—or perhaps he forgot—that the spring of the powder flask was broken. Instead of a sprinkle of powder, a heap shot out of the flask on to the spluttering squib. At the same instant there was a tremendous explosion, and James found himself skipping about, with a hand which felt as if the whole nest of wasps was stinging it.

The sound of the explosion brought Joe Simmon's father hurrying to the spot. He bound up the injured hand with his handkerchief, and hurried off with the boy towards the house, which was a quarter of a mile away. By the time they reached the garden gate James was so faint that he had to be carried. The first person he encountered was his mother. Instantly his one desire was to reassure her; and although pain and loss of blood had made him so faint that he was unable to walk, he told her he had only cut his finger a little. But it was so obvious that his injury was serious that she at once sent for the doctor, who gave him chloroform and amputated the thumb, which was completely shattered by the force of the explosion. The accident weakened him for a time, but he soon got over it.

The loss of his thumb caused him very little actual inconvenience, and he did not allow it to trouble him; but for all that he was, as a boy, keenly sensitive about it. On one occasion, when travelling by train, a party of noisy men, of rough manners and coarse language, got into the carriage beside him. They made the journey hideous to the boy by cursing and swearing



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most of the time; and they made it memorable to him also because, much to his annoyance, one of them noticed that he had lost his thumb, and commented rather brutally upon it. Long years afterwards, mention of this personal defect enabled Alexander Mackay in Uganda to identify "the tall Englishman," who was reported by the natives to be approaching their country from the east.



ENTRANCE TO THE VILLAGE OF HURSTPIERPOINT,  
THE HOME OF HANNINGTON'S BOYHOOD

For the first thirteen years of his life James Hannington's existence was of an entirely "free and easy" kind. As we have already hinted, his education during that time had been indefinite and desultory, and he had been allowed to follow his own inclinations in the matter of learning. But whatever he may have lost—and necessarily he lost much, through neglect of the course of study usual to a boy of his age—he gained greatly by the development of that ke

## James Hannington

power of observation which he possessed in such a marked degree, and which his almost unlimited liberty gave him such rare chances of using. The result was that, at an age when most boys have hardly learnt to observe properly the most obvious things that come within the scope of daily experience, James was a highly trained observer; and what he lacked in book lore, he more than made up by his wonderful knowledge of men and things.

It would almost seem that from his very earliest years he was marked out for the work to which he ultimately gave his life; for this ability to observe, and to think for himself, so strongly and strangely developed in his boyhood, gave him a power which was of immense service to him in the arduous and difficult tasks that often confronted him in the course of his missionary journeys through African wastes and wilds.

But however delightful from a boy's point of view, this state of things educational could not be allowed to continue indefinitely, and Hannington's parents had at last to face the fact that something must be done. So the period of uninterrupted home life, with occasional lessons from a tutor, and frequent excursions by land and sea with father or mother, was brought to an end; and it was decided that James and his brother Joseph must be sent to school. The tutor left to take a curacy, and the two brothers were, after much thought and discussion, sent to school at Brighton.

The establishment chosen was the Temple School—a private establishment—and it was arranged that the brothers should be allowed to go home every Saturday and stay till Monday morning. These weekly home-goings did not commend themselves to James when he

## Birth and Boyhood

was old enough to regard them dispassionately. His comment concerning them is briefly but eloquently summarised in a single word. "Alas!" he says.

The home-sickness that assails every boy when he leaves home for the first time attacked the Hannington brothers in an aggravated form—they had been so long kept at home that they were bound to suffer more keenly in consequence; but they soon accustomed themselves to the new order of things, and settled down to the routine of school life quite happily.

At school James did not distinguish himself by anything brilliant in the way of scholarship. He declared in after life that he was naturally idle, and would not learn of himself, and he deplored the fact that he was always sent to places where he was not driven to learn. But he more than maintained the reputation he had already gained as "a pickle of a boy." Naturally headstrong and passionate, with a marked individuality, and perfectly fearless, it was only to be expected that he would be constantly in scrapes. Sometimes he escaped scathless—and sometimes he did not; but at least in none of his schoolboy escapades was he ever vicious or ungenerous. No better proof of the genuine goodness of heart inherent in him could be found than in the fact that, despite his prankish ways and his love of teasing, he soon became a prime favourite, alike with his masters and his fellow pupils. But there is no denying that a boy who earned, and deserved, the sobriquet of "Mad Jim," must at times have been a sore trial to the patience and forbearance of all his school associates, old and young. One day he was reported to the head master as "verging on insanity"; and the report can hardly be regarded as unreasonable



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when it is applied to a boy who could find recreation in lighting a bonfire in the middle of his dormitory. Sometimes, at any rate, he met the just reward of his misdeeds; for on one occasion he was caned more than a dozen times; and, sorely smarting in body and mind, seriously contemplated running away from school. One wonders whether one or more of that dozen of canings was inflicted for his self-confessed sin of flinging his rejected papers at the head of a long-suffering German master!

But, withal, James had a high sense of honour, a love of truth, and a conscience that compelled him at all costs to keep his word. A striking instance of the strength of his moral character, which occurred during his school days, is worth recording. The bully of the school having incurred his displeasure, Hannington, with lofty disregard of probable consequences, offered to fight him. The bully promptly accepted the challenge, and James received a severe thrashing. That might not have greatly mattered; but, as ill-luck would have it, the day of the fight was also the day on which he had to go home for his usual weekly visit. He presented a most unlovely spectacle, with both eyes closed up, and many unaccustomed excrescences on his cranium; and his mother was so shocked and concerned at the sight of him that she made him promise, before he returned to school, that he would never fight again.

Unfortunately for James, the fact of that promise leaked out amongst his schoolmates, and thenceforth his life was made a misery. Boys who might otherwise have feared him, as well as others who need not have done so, vied with each other in teasing and provoking him; and for a while, bound by his promise to his

## Birth and Boyhood

mother, he meekly submitted to treatment that, to a boy of his nature, must have been almost beyond endurance. But at last there came a time when human nature—James's human nature at any rate!—could stand no more. One day he had allowed himself to be bullied unmercifully by a boy about his own size, when suddenly, to the astonishment of the whole school, he declared that he would fight him. He quickly gave his enemy a thrashing, and he was never bullied afterwards. Surely Hannington was justified in what he did; yet for years afterwards that incident troubled him, and he could never remember without regret that, even under unbearable provocation, he had broken his promise to his mother.

He left school when he was fifteen and a-half, with—to use his own words—"as bad an education as possible." This misfortune, however, is not to be ascribed to any fault on the part of his head master, who was a capable, kindly man, but rather to the system, or lack of system, in which he had been reared until, too late, he had been sent to school. In later years he had to work painfully hard to make up for what he had missed, and he probably never quite recovered the lost ground of his youth. Yet the desultory nature of his early training was not entirely a misfortune, since it gave him opportunities, which he fully used, of developing an independence of character, and a self-reliance which enabled him to overcome the difficulties of his later years in a way that often surprised those who lived and worked with him.

## CHAPTER II

### "A GENTLEMAN AT LARGE"

AT the close of his school career Hannington's father desired him to enter the house of business in Brighton in which two generations of the family had already borne their part. But a business career had no attractions whatever for the boy. A counting-house was, to him, little better than a prison. Fluctuations in market values did not interest him in the very least; and the ordinary routine of a commercial office was a deadly dull affair, in connection with which it was impossible to develope any sort of enthusiasm.

Not at once, however, was he required to transfer his energies from school to office. Perhaps his father foresaw the difficulty the lad would have in accustoming himself to the new and uncongenial surroundings of a house of business; and instead of going straight from the school desk to the office stool, he was permitted to taste first the delights of foreign travel.

In the company of his late master, Mr. W. H. Gutteridge, he left home for a six weeks' trip to Paris. His notes of that trip are peculiarly interesting, since they are the first of such impressions recorded by one whose share of travel was greater than falls to the lot of most men, and who, by pen and pencil, was able to convey to others vivid descriptions and graphic pictures



## “ A Gentleman at Large ”

of the strange scenes he witnessed, and the weird and thrilling experiences through which he passed.

What precisely he expected to see when he set out for Paris on that first memorable excursion we can only dimly imagine; but he confessed that as he stepped on board the steamer at Newhaven, visions of cardinals shut up in cages, of the horrors of revolutions, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, the Morgue, magnificent chocolate shops—all these and more confusedly floated through his brain. In a letter to his mother he revealed himself as overflowing with happiness; and thinking, doubtless, that such purely domestic details would be of special interest to her, he described the landlady of the house in which he stayed as “a kind, good-natured, vulgar, blowing-up-servants little woman; all very desirable points to make me happy.” As evidence of his thoughtful affection he added, “I mean to bring you home six snails with rich plum pudding stuffing in them!”

The death of the Archbishop of Paris occurred during his visit, and with truly boyish callousness he wrote—“I am rather glad that the Archbishop is dead; we are going to see him lying in state.”

The trip to Paris was followed by a determined effort to settle down to business, and for six months James stuck manfully to his duties; but at the end of that time another holiday was planned for him—whether as a reward for his application, or as a necessary relaxation after the strain of uncongenial toil, cannot be said. Again he was accompanied by Mr. Gutteridge, and this time the travellers went further afield. Brussels, Antwerp, Luxembourg, and many other places were included in their itinerary—amongst them Wiesbaden,

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where the facilities for gambling greatly concerned him. Of the habitués of the gambling saloons he declared that those who seemed to be regular professional gamblers were the ugliest set of people he had ever seen in his life. A gambling table he considered a curious sight, and the memory of the faces he had seen in the saloons remained with him for many a long day.

This trip occupied two months, and Mr. Gutteridge so arranged it that it was not only a time of pleasure but of great value educationally to the young traveller.

Soon after his return home, to his great delight, his parents acquired a yacht. Many a journey he made in it between Portsmouth, where it was often berthed, and Brighton; and his chief interest at this time seems to have been centred in the new pastime of yachting. He was no mere fair-weather sailor. The rougher the weather, the better pleased was he. On one occasion he and his mother were caught in a tremendous squall when returning in the yacht from church at Portsmouth. Mrs. Hannington insisted on going to church in almost all weathers, and the young yachtsman was often in fear lest their little craft should capsize during some of the stormy journeys he made in his mother's company.

His love of the sea, and his natural liking for adventure, made the yacht a perpetual pleasure—although sometimes the dangers encountered must have been more than a little startling. On one occasion, he and his father were nearly run down by a large steamer under circumstances which did not reflect much credit on the commander of the latter. The Hanningtons had for more than an hour watched the steamer gradually gaining on them; but as they were beating up on the right tack, and every foot was of importance

## “ A Gentleman at Large ”

to them, their captain not unnaturally concluded that the larger craft would give way to them. Events proved, however, that the steamer intended to do nothing of the kind; for she kept straight on her course, and it looked as if she intended deliberately to run down the yacht. As a matter of fact, the great ship passed by within a few feet of them; and so narrow was the margin of safety that the crew of the yacht shouted in alarm as the steamer apparently headed straight for them.

In 1864, Hannington joined the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers; and he threw himself into his new hobby of soldiering with characteristic energy. It was a proud day for him when he donned his uniform for the first time; but that he had not become a soldier merely for the look of the thing is clear from the fact that within three months of the first day on which he had arrayed himself in his regimentals he had made such rapid progress in soldiering that he had command of his company on the occasion of an inspection of the battalion.

Hannington was now eighteen years of age; but although he had long left school, no arrangements had yet been made for him to commence his career as a man of business. He was still allowed to go his own way, his parents having apparently decided that it would be better for his ultimate happiness not to force the claims of business upon him, but instead to let him follow his own inclinations, and so discover for himself the direction in which his abilities could be most profitably employed.

Up to this point, too, there is little to indicate that he took any particular interest in religion, and he seems to have been entirely unconscious of the great



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change that was later to alter the whole current of his life. But he was not wholly indifferent, and by almost imperceptible degrees he was being guided towards that dedication of himself which marked the beginning of his work for God.

In the beginning of 1865 he was somewhat attracted to Roman Catholicism, the exciting cause having been the death of Cardinal Wiseman ; but he soon found that the doctrines of the Romish church could never satisfy him ; and, strangely enough, it was partly Cardinal Manning's funeral sermon for Wiseman that caused him to give up his idea of joining the Church of Rome—and partly Wiseman's own last words—"Let me have all the Church can do for me." He came to the conclusion that if one of the highest ecclesiastics stood thus in need of external rites on his death-bed, there must be something wrong with the system ; and so strongly was he convinced of this that he finally gave up all idea of forsaking the faith of his fathers.

A year or two later occurred an incident, trivial in itself, yet of utmost interest as showing how his mind was, almost unconsciously to himself, beginning to take into account, albeit at first in a strange, unreasoning way, the influence of the Unseen over the most trivial of worldly affairs. He was out shooting one day when he lost a ring which he greatly valued. He had very little hope of ever seeing it again, but he told the keeper of his loss, and offered to give him ten shillings if he found the ring. Further, he was led to ask God that the ring might be found and that the finding of it might be to him a sure sign of salvation. At once he seemed to feel certain that the ring would be found—as certain as though he had it again on his finger ;

## “A Gentleman at Large”

and it therefore did not surprise him when, soon after, the keeper brought it to him. He had picked it up in the long grass—just where it would have seemed most hopeless to look for it. “A miracle!” he said. “Jesus by Thee alone can we obtain remission of our sins.”

Truly a remarkable story. Hannington himself, when referring to the incident years afterwards, said it had occurred at the most worldly period of his existence; and in this strange challenge and appeal to God in connection with so trifling a matter as the loss of a trinket can be seen, surely, the first faint traces of that absolute faith, as of a little child, which was such a distinguishing feature of his later life, when he had come to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

At the age of nineteen Hannington was still “a gentleman at large,” with no settled aim in life, and an untiring love of foreign travel. In the early summer of 1867 he started with his brothers for a cruise in the Baltic, and a visit to some of the more important Russian cities. The return journey had just begun when the elder brother was summoned home on urgent domestic business, and the leadership of the expedition then fell to James. Nothing loth, he took charge; and during the voyage an incident occurred which showed that as a disciplinarian he knew how to hold his own.

There had been trouble with the crew of the yacht, and, thinking to take advantage of the youth of the passengers, the crew had shown a tendency to insubordination which James, as soon as the control of affairs was in his hands, determined to bring to an end.

On assuming command, he told the men his mind on the subject, and gave them plainly to understand that

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in future any man breaking leave would be discharged. The first man to do so, as it happened, was the captain, who remained ashore, and, by his own confession, got helplessly drunk. The position was distinctly awkward. The captain, no doubt, considered himself indispensable, and thought therefore that he would easily be able to put the matter right. But James Hannington thought otherwise. If the captain's lapse were overlooked or condoned, all hope of maintaining discipline amongst the rest of the crew for the remainder of the voyage would be at an end. So to the consternation of the crew, and the amazement of the captain, the latter found himself summarily dismissed, and ordered to convey himself and all his belongings ashore as speedily as possible.

There was no further trouble on board the yacht during that voyage. The crew recognised that their leader intended to exact absolute obedience, and they regarded him thenceforward with the respect that firmness and justice always command. Hannington was fortunate in finding a capable man to take the place of the disgraced captain, and though the voyage finished stormily, the storm was of the elements, and not amongst the crew.

After this voyage Hannington for ever gave up all idea of a business career. It was evident that he would never make a successful business man, and it only remained now for him and for those who loved him to try and discover some other sphere in which he might attain success. The story of the ultimate discovery of that sphere is one of the most wonderful instances on record of the Divine guiding by which men are led in the way God chooses for them.



## CHAPTER III

### A MOMENTOUS DECISION

THE Hannington family had been hitherto Independents; and in the grounds of St. George's, James's father had built a chapel, in which Nonconformist services were held. At the end of 1867, however, the family joined the Church of England, and St. George's Chapel was licensed for public worship by the Bishop of Chichester. The Nonconformist minister of the chapel and his wife were pensioned by Mr. Hannington, the pension to continue during the life of the last survivor; and the charge of the newly licensed chapel became a curacy under the Rector of Hurstpierpoint.

This change in the religious life of the family was the first of the series of events which culminated in James Hannington's ordination. He was now brought frequently and closely into touch with churchmen, of whom previously he had met very few. Undoubtedly they exercised a considerable influence over him, and he began to think earnestly and seriously of religious matters.

The year 1868 was, in a sense, one of the most eventful of his life, for it was then that he first entertained the idea of offering himself to the service of God. Through the change of his family from dissent to the Church, he got to know the clergy of the parish

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and neighbourhood, and this greatly influenced him in his desire for ordination. His mother had more than once spoken to him about it, and from what she had said he felt sure that she would offer no objection.

Yet, with absolute frankness, he confessed his belief that it was his dislike of the business at Brighton that chiefly led him to think about the ministry as a profession. Although it had become a fixed idea with him that he was to be ordained, yet he felt all the time



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HURSTPIERPOINT

that the real motive that should have actuated him was entirely lacking. "I was, I fear, a mere formalist," he says, "and nothing more." His whole life, up to this point, however, forbids our acceptance of this all too severe estimate of himself. Such a man as James Hannington could never have become a "mere formalist." He was too full of real love for humanity to permit that—altogether too enthusiastic and too full of zeal.

The season of Lent in 1868 he kept with much

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severity, fasting twice a week. He interested himself in all the special religious functions held in the neighbourhood, and took advantage of every opportunity of hearing the distinguished preachers who from time to time visited the district. He took as prominent and useful a part as he could in all the good works that were established in the vicinity of his home, and might fairly be described as an active Church worker. But not yet was he a man whose heart God had touched. Still, he was undoubtedly being led towards what was soon to be definitely pointed out to him as the work of his life; and ultimately, when he was twenty-one years of age, it was decided that after the necessary training he should offer himself for ordination to the ministry of the Church of England.

Accordingly, arrangements were made for him to go to College, and in October, 1868, he was entered as a commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. It cannot be said of him that as a student he was brilliant. The subjects that attracted him he could, and did, master easily and thoroughly; but they were not the subjects to which he was particularly required to give his attention at the University. His knowledge of natural history, of botany, chemistry, and medicine was extensive, but it did not help him much; and his lack of interest in classical lore, and his natural aversion to the steady monotonous grind by which alone he could attain the proficiency necessary to satisfy his examiners, made his college work distasteful. For this the mistakes of his early training were entirely to blame. It was six years since he had left school; during those years he had done practically no study at all; and even in his school days his intellectual efforts had



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been all too spasmodic. The wonder is, therefore, not that his college career was undistinguished, but that it did not end altogether in failure.

But if Hannington the student was not a marvel of erudition, Hannington the friend and associate was a conspicuous success. Not that he was "hail-fellow-well-met" with everyone. He was particular and discriminating in his friendships, and such a keen judge of character that he seldom, if ever, made a mistake about the men whom he admitted to the privilege of intimacy with him. And withal he was an inveterate tease. Nothing pleased him better than to shock the staid and "proper" element amongst his college associates; and his love of practical joking found expression in ways that his victims must often have had reason to remember for long afterwards. But his good nature was so obvious and so sincere that it was impossible ever to be angry with him for long, and he never resented being paid back in his own coin.

Let it not be imagined that because James Hannington did not distinguish himself as a student he was therefore an idler during the time he spent at Oxford. Always he lived the strenuous life, and he had no sympathy with the loungers and shirkers who despised learning and wasted their own time and that of others. Every hour was occupied; he allowed himself no idle moments, and though study of the sterner sort was not entirely to his taste, he did not permit himself to shirk it in favour of the hobbies and pursuits that were dear to him.

The trouble was that he did not give the necessary proportion of his time to such work as was absolutely essential to his own intellectual well-being; and this

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trouble finally became so acute that the Principal advised him to leave the college and place himself in the hands of a competent tutor living in a retired country place, where he would not have the many distractions of the social life of an undergraduate to disturb him, and where he might therefore hope to make better progress with his studies.

For this purpose the Principal recommended the Rev. C. Scriven, Rector of Martinhoe, a remote Devonshire seaside village. To Martinhoe accordingly Hannington went. He found in Mr. Scriven an excellent tutor; and amongst the Devonshire folk and the Devon coast and cliffs almost as much to interest, and distract, him as he had found amongst his college friends at Oxford.

## CHAPTER IV

### ORDINATION AND A COUNTRY CURACY

THE out-of-the-way corner of North Devon in which Hannington now found himself was very beautiful, and very fascinating to a lover of nature, and he soon fell in love with both place and people. His tutor held at that time two livings — Martinhoe and Trentishoe, but the population of the two parishes combined did not exceed three hundred souls. The people were, however, scattered over a wide area, so that it took the new inmate of the Rectory some time to make their acquaintance. But they quickly found that to know him was to love him; he was so genial, so friendly, so ready to identify himself with them that he was soon a welcome guest everywhere.

The peculiar habits, and the strange manners and customs of the people greatly interested him, and he observed and studied their ways most keenly. At a funeral at Martinhoe he noted that—doubtless in accordance with the usage of the district—the bereaved made a great feast for all who were invited; and any others who chose to attend without invitation were provided with tea and coffee. On the Sunday after the funeral he was struck by the fact that all the mourners came to church in a body, and sat throughout the service with their faces buried in their pocket-handkerchiefs. Not once, so far as he could see, did one of them look up.



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When the clerk of Trentishoe lost his wife, he asked for a holiday a few days after the funeral, and on a borrowed horse he made a tour of the neighbourhood in search of a second spouse. Amongst other places he called at the Rectory, and Hannington noted with satisfaction that the maids there declined his offer. He was, however, successful at last in finding a lady willing to wed him; and we may hope that in this case the result did not belie the proverb which declares that "happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing."

The people of the district were steeped in superstition, and nobody in the village, old or young, would venture into the churchyard after dark. They firmly believed that on midsummer night the spirits of the departed moved about amongst the graves, and were to be seen by those who were bold enough to look for them!

Some of the villagers knew "charms" for various diseases, and one old man, John Jones by name, who could "bless" for diseases of the eyes, generously offered to give Hannington his secret—generously because, once he had parted with the secret, his power to "bless" would be gone, the gift of healing being transferred to the new possessor of the secret. Power to bless for the King's Evil was commonly believed in; but a man in Martinhoe who was supposed to possess this power gave up the practice of it, partly because he did not get enough out of his patrons, and partly because every time he "blessed," virtue went from him, and left him weak.

Amongst these superstitious but eminently lovable people Hannington spent some months, during which he did a little more or less desultory reading. Then he returned to Oxford and spent a term in residence.

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His fellow students conferred upon him the highest honour in their power by electing him President of the "Red Club." In June, 1870, he passed his Respon-sions, and then suggested to Mr. Scriven that he should return to him as his curate and read for his degree afterwards; but the Bishop refused to ordain him until he had graduated.

After his term at Oxford he went back to Martinhoe, and his discovery of some remarkable caves there greatly delighted him. The chief attraction of these caves for him seems to have been that they were almost inaccessible; and in order that his friends at the Rectory might be able to explore them, he resolved to make a path for them from the top of the cliff to the shore below. With the help of two able-bodied men and old Richard Jones he began his task—which, by the way, was one of considerable engineering difficulty.

The work became so hazardous at last that the two workmen refused to proceed with it. Old Richard, however, was willing to go on; and with his help and that of George Scriven, Hannington determined to finish his undertaking. Old Richard was hacking away with his pick one day, when Hannington called out to him, "Hold on, Richard, till I come back to you. I am going to climb down a bit further, and see where we can next take the path to." Richard, however, was a man who could not stand idle, as Hannington found to his cost; for when he had crept down some distance, he heard the rush of a stone, and a considerable boulder shot past within a foot of his head. He had barely time to dodge as it whizzed past, accompanied by a volley of small stones. With a shout, he apprised Richard that he was below,



#### AN AWKWARD SITUATION

Hannington had barely time to dodge the boulder as it whizzed past his head, accompanied by a volley of small stones.



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and climbed up and stood by his side, pale and breathless. Richard was quite cool. "I don't like the look of that old rougey place where you have been climbing," said he. Hannington's thoughts were too deep for words! After dinner, he and one of the rector's sons climbed across this "rougey place," with the assistance of a rope, and determined that they would not return until they had cut their own path back, and they accomplished their purpose.

The path—a really perilous undertaking—was finished without further mishap, and on the formal opening day a party of twenty visitors was conducted in triumph down the path to the caves, the largest of which, in honour of the Rector, was named Cave Scriven.

The next few months were spent partly at Martinhoe and partly at Oxford; and then, in 1871, Hannington was called upon to endure one of the greatest griefs of his life. It has already been stated that between him and his mother there had always existed the deepest and tenderest affection; and it was an unspeakable sorrow to him to have to face the fact that her health was rapidly failing. In September the doctor pronounced the dread decree—no hope. Mrs. Hannington's illness was declared to be of such a nature that recovery was, humanly speaking, impossible. For a time her son James refused to accept the doctor's verdict, and there was a brief interval during which it seemed that his attitude was justified.

But the rally was only temporary, and it soon became evident that this "dearest, sweetest mother," as he loved to call her, was sinking. On 26th February he realised that the end could not be far off. She was almost unconscious. She kept dozing and rousing, and

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commencing sentences. Especially she would repeat again and again: "I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh. I will take—I will take the stony heart away—away."

In an agony of grief James watched beside her—watched until quite quietly and peacefully she drifted away from the love that would fain have held her, and breathed her last in the presence of all her children.

The others, after one last look at the still, beautiful features, moved softly away, but James remained, kissing the loved face, and calling to her as though she could still respond to his cry. It was with the utmost difficulty that he was persuaded at last to leave the silent form of the mother he had loved so deeply.

His mother's death left a great blank in Hannington's life—a blank that nothing ever quite filled; but perhaps it made him more ready to open his heart to that great love for God and humanity that was presently to possess and dominate him. After this sad event he settled down to work in earnest, with ordination always in view as the goal of his ambition; and on 12th June, 1873, he took his B.A. degree.

But before he was ordained to the ministry, Hannington had to go through the ordeal of the Bishop's examination—and a terrible ordeal he found it. He went to Exeter, and made his final preparations for facing the Bishop's examining chaplain in a very despondent frame of mind. He felt all unready; and, to make matters worse, he found the examination was to take place a week earlier than he had expected. This greatly upset him, and he sat down to his papers with the fear of failure strong upon him. His dread proved only too well founded. Over-anxiety, and

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almost frenzied study until the very eve of the examination, had their natural result. He became ill, and failed. His failure was a grievous disappointment; and, added to that, he felt that he had been harshly treated. It was probably one of the bitterest moments of his life when Dr. Temple pronounced judgment on his work in these words:—"I am sorry to say that your paper on the Prayer Book is insufficient. If you will go down to Mr. Percival he will tell you all about it. Good morning." It is not to be wondered at that this abrupt and not too kind dismissal nearly overwhelmed him with despair.

No more convincing proof of his earnestness and sincerity of purpose could be afforded than is found in the fact that in spite of this rebuff he was as determined as ever to persevere. For it must be remembered that his worldly position was assured. He was already in possession of a competence, and there must have been, at the time of his failure, a strong temptation to relinquish all further thought of the ministry and give himself up to those pursuits which had always had such a strong attraction for him. But in all the records of his life there is not one word to show that he ever for a moment contemplated such a step. Though he shrank from the possibility of further failure, he felt impelled by a power outside himself to go on in the way in which his feet had been set. He dreaded ordination, and would willingly have drawn back; but when he was tempted to do so the words came to him: "Whoso putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God;" and he felt he dare not withdraw.

For such a man there was only one possible course.



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For him there could be no looking back. At all cost and all hazard he must go forward, and keep right on in the path marked out for him. So he entered on a further course of preparation at Martinhoe, where, amongst the people who loved him, he gained courage and strength for another attempt to meet the Bishop's requirements. This was at the end of 1873; and it is characteristic of him that, amidst all his anxiety, he could put aside his books for one night in order to accept an invitation from some of his Devon friends to "see Christmas." This, he explained, is "Devonian for 'I am going to a party.'"

The party began at 6 P.M., when a hot meat supper was ready; after which, games and dancing went on till midnight, when there was another hot supper as substantially provided as the first. So the hospitable hearty Devon farmers kept Christmas in Hannington's day.

From Martinhoe at the beginning of 1874 he went to Oxford, whence he returned once more to Exeter, where, in great trepidation, he again presented himself for examination at the hands of the Bishop's chaplain. This time he was thoroughly prepared, and he knew his subjects perfectly; but so great was his nervousness, that it was an impossibility for him to do himself justice. The result was that although this time he did not altogether fail he was only partially successful. The Bishop passed him for the Diaconate; but instead of taking priest's orders a year later, as he would have done in the ordinary course, he was told that he must remain a deacon for two years and come up for an intermediary examination. With characteristic gruffness of manner the Bishop dismissed him.

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"You've got fine legs, I see," said his lordship; "mind that you run about your parish. Good morning!" The young deacon did not forget that episcopal admonition!

The following day, 1st March, 1874, James Hannington was ordained in Exeter Cathedral; and he felt very keenly the tremendous responsibility he was taking upon himself. "So," he said, when, the service of ordination over, he was leaving the Cathedral, "I am ordained, and the world has to be crucified in me. Oh! for God's Holy Spirit!"

He commenced his ministry the next Sunday at Hurstpierpoint, and preached his first sermon. His own criticism of this maiden effort was that it was "feeble, in fact, not quite sound"; and although friends who heard it congratulated him, he destroyed it. A day or two later he left for Trentishoe, his first curacy, and on the following Sunday preached in the little church, which was crowded with people, most of whom he knew, and all of whom were anxious to see and hear their old friend the new curate.

He found his work congenial and full of interest; and to his spiritual ministrations amongst his scattered flock he added medical aid, which he was frequently asked to render. The people had the utmost faith in him, and whether as priest or doctor he was always sure of a welcome. His curacy was no sinecure. It involved much hard work, many long journeys, sometimes a good deal of personal discomfort, and not rarely he found in it a spice of adventure which, doubtless, did not come amiss to him.

On one occasion, after a week of exceptionally hard work, in the course of which he had ridden his pony

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more than fifty miles, he had arranged to take duty at Challacombe. For his pony's sake he decided to cross Exmoor instead of going the longer way by the road. But when he got well on to the moor he had cause to regret his decision, for he rode into a thick fog, and was soon hopelessly lost. For two hours he galloped hither and thither in the mist. To add to his discomfort it began to rain; and at eleven o'clock—the time appointed for the service at Challacombe to commence—he was still trying in vain to discover his whereabouts.

At last he decided that it was useless to make any further effort to find Challacombe, so he threw the reins on the pony's neck, hoping that the animal's instinct would enable it to take them safely home. After a while he found a track; and, determining to follow it, he urged the pony forward, and came eventually to a gate which led him off the moor. Still keeping to the track he arrived at last at a farmhouse, and met a man to whom he explained his predicament. The man offered to go with him to the church. "For," said he, "you will lose yourself again if I don't." This was highly probable, and Hannington thankfully accepted the offer.

When at length he reached the church, he found the people patiently waiting, and wondering whether he would ever find his way to them—for they had long ago concluded that he was lost on the moor. He whispered to the clerk the story of his hours of wandering in the wet mist; and that functionary responded in loud tones, and somewhat unfeelingly: "Iss: we reckoned you was lost; but now you are here, go and put on your surples, and be short, for we all want to



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get back to dinner." Dripping wet as he was, he put on the surplice as directed, and gave them a shortened service. In the afternoon he got back in time for church at Martinhoe.

It comes rather as a shock to find that at any time in his career Hannington regarded missionary work with anything approaching indifference; yet we have his own word for it that this special form of religious activity did not always attract him. On 30th July, 1874, he attended his first missionary meeting at Parra-combe. He was made to speak, much against his will, as he confesses he knew nothing about the subject, and took little interest in it. An old colonel spoke after him, and gave him such an indirect dressing that he wisely made up his mind never in future to speak on any subject until he knew something about it.

In these early days of his ministry Hannington was conscientious and absolutely sincere in all that he did; but not even yet could it be said of him that he knew what it was to live in the knowledge that Jesus Christ was his personal Saviour. His time, his talents, his money he gave freely and ungrudgingly in the service of the people amongst whom he ministered; but he could not tell them from his own experience of the transforming power of the Holy Spirit of God in the human heart. He was conscious of something lacking in his ministry, and at times he became unhappy and depressed, because he felt that he had not the power he ought to have had in his work for God. But light and knowledge came to him—vouchsafed through the reading of a single chapter in a little book that his friend Mr. Dawson had sent to him.

The story of what may be called James Hannington's

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conversion is one of the most remarkable of its kind that have ever been recorded. Thirteen months before the light came to him, when he was preparing for ordination, he had written to his friend, bewailing his unworthiness; and in his reply Mr. Dawson had related the story of his own spiritual experience, and urged him to give himself up in full and complete surrender to God. For more than a year that letter remained unanswered; and then, in his distress at his failure to realise the full meaning of personal salvation, he wrote again to his friend, begging him to come and help him. Mr. Dawson was at the time unable to leave his own work and journey into Devonshire; but he wrote a letter that he hoped would be helpful, and with it he enclosed a little book—"Grace and Truth," by Dr. Mackay, of Hull. This book Hannington commenced to read; but he got no further than the preface, where he found what he too hastily concluded to be an error in scholarship on the part of the author. This was enough for him. He straightway threw the book aside and refused to read any more of it.

For long the book remained neglected and forgotten; and then, when he was preparing for a journey, at the end of which he expected to meet his friend, he suddenly remembered it, and it occurred to him that he would probably be asked whether he had read it. Rather from a desire to be able to give an affirmative answer to that question than from any particular wish to know what the book contained, he put it into his portmanteau, and at the first opportunity he read the first chapter.

He found it so little to his taste that he made up his mind that not even for his friend's sake would he read

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any more of it ; and his feeling of disapproval was so vigorous that he flung the offending volume across the room. Ultimately he put it back in his portmanteau, where it remained until his next visit to Hurstpierpoint. There he came across it again ; and resolving for his friend's sake to make one more effort to overcome his prejudice, he started for the third time to read it. He read straight on for three chapters, and came at length to one entitled "Do you feel your sins forgiven?" and by means of this his eyes were opened. "I was in bed at the time reading," he says ; "I sprang out of bed and leaped about the room, rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me. From that day to this I have lived under the shadow of His wings in the assurance of faith that I am His and He is mine."

His transition from the darkness of doubt and uncertainty to the marvellous light and peace of the Gospel was a fact for which he seemed never able sufficiently to express his thankfulness and gratitude. And so great was his humility, and his distrust of self, that sometimes he feared lest even his joy might be a sin ; he felt that he had no right to rejoice, because he was doing—in his own esteem—so little for God. He complained of his own prayers and praise, that they were too cold and formal ; he was afraid he loved the world too much and Jesus Christ too little ; and he dreaded lest after all the peace that came to him from the knowledge of sins forgiven might be false. Could humility go further?

He reviewed the events of the past few years of his life ; and in everything that had seemed to him at the time an obstacle and a hindrance to his progress in the sacred calling he had chosen, he now saw the hand of God, guiding, controlling, and directing him. Truly his



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surrender was complete and absolute ; and from the hour of his conversion to the last day of his life he could say that he was a loyal disciple, a humble follower of the Master whom it was his joy to serve.

Up to the time of his conversion Hannington had never preached an extempore sermon. His discourses had always been carefully prepared and written, and then read to his congregation. Probably even this was due to that distrust of his own powers which was always so strongly characteristic of him. But now it seemed to be borne in upon him that it was his duty not to preach from a manuscript, but to tell out, in such plain and simple language as God should give him, the message of salvation. Preaching of this kind, however, though it may seem easy enough to the hearer, involves not less, but even more preparation than is often given to the discourse that is written before it is spoken ; and of this Hannington had a painful reminder before he had accustomed himself to preaching by inspiration rather than by book.

It was on the occasion of one of his rare visits to his father at Hurst that he was invited to occupy the pulpit at St. George's. When the time came for the sermon his nerve completely forsook him. He managed to give out his text, and that was all he could do. Not one word of the sermon was ever delivered, and the amazed and disappointed congregation was dismissed with a hymn. His friends charitably, and quite rightly, attributed his failure to his being run down in health. A few days' rest, however, entirely restored him, and a fortnight later he preached an excellent sermon in St. George's, to the great delight of his father, who heard him on that occasion for the first time.

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Soon he was back again amongst his Devonshire friends, working harder than ever. The population of the parishes in which he laboured was so widely scattered that visitation involved many miles of travel over rough moorland roads and bridle paths. And he never spared himself. Frequently he was sent for, to minister not to their spiritual, but to their physical necessities; for as the people got to know him better, their faith in his power to heal their bodily diseases increased; but he never forgot for an instant that he was before all things an ambassador of God; and often, when his medical knowledge gave him entrance to houses where, as a minister of Christ, he would have been denied, he was able to use the opportunity to say a word in season for his Master.

His father, who had always taken a great interest in his ministerial work, now began to wish for his permanent return to Hurstpierpoint, and proposed that he should come back and take charge of the Chapel of St. George's. James, however, received the proposal with something like consternation. He was very happy in his work at Martinhoe; he had won the confidence and affection of the people; and the results of his efforts amongst them were visible in their increased interest in religious matters. Moreover, the place and his mode of life there suited him exactly; and he was not at all sure that he would find his surroundings similarly congenial at St. George's. Yet so humble-minded, so entirely distrustful of self was he, that he regarded his very reluctance to leave Martinhoe as one of the strongest reasons why he should accept the charge that was urged upon him. In matters of highest import he regarded it as a safe

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rule to give up his own wishes and run counter to his own inclinations.

He decided finally to be guided by the ruling of the Bishops of Exeter and Chichester, both of whom would have to consent to the change before he could leave Martinhoe; and he rather hoped that they would desire him to remain there until he had taken his priest's orders. But the Bishops both assented to his leaving; so he hesitated no longer.

Realising that in his new sphere he would have to work under totally different conditions from those which prevailed at Martinhoe, he arranged to go for a while to the parish of Darley Abbey, near Derby—at that time in the charge of the Rev. J. Dawson, a very devoted man, who had built up one of the most perfect parish organisations in the country. Under him he hoped to learn much, and his hope was abundantly fulfilled.

It was on 17th August, 1875, that he left Martinhoe, and his heart was heavy as he bade good-bye to the kindly, lovable people whom he had learnt to regard with sincere affection. He left many hearts in Devon even heavier than his own; for it is never the one who goes away who feels the parting most deeply. Not without reason do we sometimes say, "Alas! for the 'left behind.'" Still, he was genuinely sorry to leave North Devon and the many friends he had made there.

But he found a solace for his grief in the hearty welcome that awaited him at Darley Vicarage, and he soon made an enviable place for himself in the happy family life there. Amongst the people of the parish he quickly became popular, and the few months he spent in Darley were crowded with useful work which was



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as helpful to himself as to those on whose behalf it was so freely given. The experience he gained there proved invaluable to him; and when he entered upon his duties at St. George's he was much better prepared than he would have been but for his brief, happy sojourn at Darley.

On 3rd November, 1875, he went to Oxford to receive his M.A. degree; and four days later he preached his first sermon in St. George's Chapel as curate-in-charge. This was the beginning of a ministry which lasted seven years.

One reason why he had hesitated to accept the charge of St. George's was that he feared he might prove in his own experience that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and amongst his own people. But the event proved that he need have had no misgivings on that score. As at Martinhoe and Darley, so at Hurstpierpoint he soon won the love of the people. And the secret of his popularity was that he made himself one with them. At Darley a mill-worker was once heard to say of him, "We all like Mr. Hannington, and no mistake; he is so free like; he just comes into your house, and sticks his hands down into the bottom of his pockets, and talks to you like a man." So at Hurstpierpoint, without losing any of the respect due to himself and his calling, he was on terms of personal friendship with all. The working men and lads, over whom he had an amazing influence, called him affectionately "Jemmy," and revered him at the same time. The children ran to meet him in the streets expecting a question on the catechism, and a "goodie" if they answered correctly, and they were seldom disappointed in either of their expectations.

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He was one of the most generous of men, but since he was of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," stories of his generosity are rare in the printed records of his life. They live, however, in the hearts and memories of those who benefited by his loving helpfulness.

One such story, which all his care to prevent his good deeds becoming known could not suffice to hide, was the outcome of his desire to obtain a mission room for St. George's. Such a room was badly needed; but his friends had no idea that he was seriously thinking of providing it. He startled them all one day by announcing that he had sold his horse, and intended henceforth to go about the parish on foot. This was an act of real self-sacrifice, for he was fond of riding, and enjoyed nothing more than exercise in the saddle. The only reason he gave was that he wanted the money for other purposes. What those other purposes were was evident enough when he announced his intention of knocking his stable and coach-house into one and fitting them up as a mission room. This was done; and when the transformation was complete he had a charming room, cosy and comfortable, and just what he wanted for his meetings.

As a preacher he was not considered eloquent, but he was forceful and convincing—and popular, for his church was generally crowded. He was outspoken, too, and was not afraid to call things by their right names. On one occasion he gave notice of a special temperance sermon in these words:—"I intend to preach a temperance sermon next Sunday evening. I am aware that the subject is unpopular, but you know my own views upon it. I shall, no doubt, speak pretty plain, so if any

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of you do not care to hear me you had better stop away." Of course, nobody did stop away!

He interested himself greatly in temperance work, and he had not been many weeks at St. George's before he accepted the Secretaryship of the Hurstpierpoint Temperance Association. There was great need at that time for such an association in the village, which contained no less than seven public-houses—each with its quota of what Hannington called "fuddlers." The publicans had no reason to love him, for he preached total abstinence in season and out of season, and he was never without a pledge book in his pocket. He practised what he preached, too, for he was himself a teetotaler—"about the only one in Hurst," he once wrote. He could not have engaged in a more unpopular crusade than that against drunkenness; but that only made him the more keen in the fight, and many had reason to bless him for efforts which resulted in their own reformation or that of those who were dear to them.

As a churchman Hannington was a man of widest sympathies. He was ready to recognise all of good in men of every shade of religious thought, and he never permitted prejudice to blind him to the merits of those who, though differing from him on points of doctrine, were yet serving the same Master and trying to win souls for the kingdom of God. To all such he was ever ready to offer the right hand of fellowship.

The troubles and adversities of his parishioners he made his own, and he never hesitated to go to their help, even when to do so involved risk to himself. He once discovered a boy ill with smallpox in an outlying part of his parish. He called to see him, and found him in a pitiable state. The family had been forsaken by



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their neighbours, and they could not even obtain milk, on which the boy's life depended. The first thing Hannington did was to get the boy the milk he needed—a striking instance of the very practical nature of his religion—and then he prayed with him. In her gratitude the mother made it known that Mr. Hannington had been to see and help her boy, and very soon the whole parish was aware that their clergyman had been so imprudent as to expose himself to the risk of infection, and for some time the more timorous of them gave him a very wide berth indeed when they met him. One lady went so far as to request him not even to speak to her husband in his carriage out of doors for three weeks!

The relieving officer called upon him and forbade him to go near the place; but he was not to be deterred from what he believed to be his duty by any fear of the law. He told the officer that whatever the law might be, he meant to do his duty. It was not long before he called again to see the boy, and he continued his ministry to him until he recovered.

It is not to be wondered at that such service as this—such proof of his readiness, at any risk to himself, to give all the help and sympathy in his power—quickly won for him the love and devotion of his people. They soon realised that he was not merely the minister of St. George's Chapel—he was their personal friend, whose friendship was proved over and over again in their day of adversity.

## CHAPTER V

### PARISH WORK AND HOME LIFE AT HURSTPIERPOINT

IN June, 1876, Hannington went to Chichester for his final examination for priest's orders. The general tone of the place was much more to his mind than that of Exeter—he described it as much more spiritual. This time the examiners—there were five of them—all told him he had done well, and complimented him on his work; and he had the gratification of finding that he had come out at the top of the list. A very different result this from that of Exeter, for which he said, and with good reason, that he never considered he was to blame.

Six months later he became engaged to be married to Miss Blanche Hankin-Turvin. This was a great, and to many of his friends, an unexpected, change in his life. He had made no secret of the fact that he regarded celibacy as the most desirable course for a servant of God; and he was not, like many men, unable to minister to his own needs in domestic affairs. But his work at St. George's opened his eyes to the fact that a wife of the right kind would be exceedingly helpful to him. And in Miss Hankin-Turvin he was fortunate in finding a lady who became to him in the truest sense a helpmeet. On 10th February of the following year they were married, and the marriage proved an exceedingly happy one.

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A delightful picture of the home life of the Hanningtons is given by a personal friend who was for many years resident near the Bishop. "We used often to go over and see him," writes this friend, "and he and his wife used to visit us. Sometimes Mr. Hannington walked the three miles that lay between his home and ours, and came in after his trip across the Sussex fields as fresh as if he had just come in from a little saunter. The country around Hurst is very rich and fertile, and the undulating downs stretch away in lovely deep blue shadows.

"Mr. Hannington's residence was a medium-sized, semi-detached house on the high road. The gate opened upon a little front garden, well stocked with flowers, according to the season of the year. His favourite old black raven was ever to be seen hopping and cawing about the premises. The front door opened into a rather narrow passage, garnished with assegais and other warlike foreign weapons, arranged artistically against the papered walls. The dining and drawing-rooms were stocked with cases containing specimens of entomology; and many other things recorded his delight in all matters relating to natural history. There too, side by side with the parish magazine, would lie a new book, or a fresh report from one of those societies in which the family always took such an interest.

"There was ever something on the *tapis* in that useful home—a parishioner who wanted help or advice; their children to be placed out in the world; or a new plant or insect which claimed attention; and the sick and the whole to be cared for. He dined early, and there was a sort of high tea about six o'clock in the evening, to which visitors were ever made hospitably



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welcome. He has told my father that 'if when calling he did not find anyone at home he was to go to the dining-room and ring the bell, and order up dinner, or anything else he wanted, and make himself comfortable, and quite at home.' Though he was an abstainer, he did not practically enforce his opinions upon his guests.

"At the evening meal 'little Meppie' (James Edward Meopham), his eldest son, was generally *en evidence*, and the writer has often seen the Bishop dandling his children upon his knee. These children appeared to be the happiest little creatures possible. Their admirable mother had set apart a large, light, airy room at the top front of the house, and here I have seen Miss Caroline, the Bishop's only daughter, *àtât* four, enveloped in a huge holland pinafore, and painting away as if her life depended upon her efforts, only bestowing rather more paint on herself than she did on the picture; and at a short distance the youngest son in his nurse's arms, a very quiet, good young man, numbering still fewer summers than his sister. Father was always welcome in the nursery, though he had funny ways of his own in showing his affection; but those who loved him understood how to interpret his words. Many other children besides loved him. He always made a point of giving sweeties away, and I, too, have often eaten my share of the Bishop's sweetmeats. Yet he has told me that he didn't like children! But that was probably part of his fun.

"At the picturesque old Rectory (Hurstpierpoint), enclosed within high walls and gates that completely shut out the road, a clerical meeting used to be held on the first Thursday in each month. The programme



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was that a portion of Scripture should be expounded after the Greek Testament had been read, and that later in the afternoon an adjournment should take place to the drawing-room, where tea, coffee, and cake were provided. The wives and daughters of the clergy used to attend at the same time a sewing meeting, and then all would meet together and have a little chat with friends and neighbours at the time of refreshment. The Rector's amiable daughters used to act as hostesses, as their mother did not enjoy good health. The future Bishop not infrequently attended these pleasant meetings, and would move about, knowing everybody, and with a word to say to each.

"St. George's Church, or rather Chapel—for it was originally a Chapel—was but a short distance from this, and had been rendered a most beautifully complete little edifice. I have seen it thronged during mission time, and at all times the attendance was good. Mrs. Hannington had a pew in the chancel on a line with the reading-desk. The congregation was always remarkable for earnest and devout attention.

"Close at hand is the residence where the Bishop's father died, with magnificent hot-houses, and well-laid-out grounds. I remember that it was before Mr. Hannington, senior, died that Mr. James took me all over the place and showed me the corners where he played as a boy, the pool where he used to fish, and the meadows where he roamed in search of 'specimens.' In particular he pointed out to me a magnificent geranium grown under glass from a small seed, but then attained to an enormous size, and trained up against the wall like a fruit tree.

"We remembered his explaining to us about the loss



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of his thumb, and in his pleasant, genial way he said, 'Yes, I blew it off with gunpowder when quite a little boy. It was a wonder I didn't get lockjaw through it.'

"When the Bishop spoke he had a thoughtful way of fingering his watch chain while he enunciated his views in simple, forcible words that somehow reminded one of his handwriting, so neat and clear, yet withal marked with such original touches.

"Order and regularity were the watchwords of his household rule, upheld most firmly and wisely by his wife. On one occasion that lady declined to pass the evening with the writer, saying that, much as she would like to do so, yet she was afraid it was impossible; and when she saw how disappointed we were, she explained that the sweeps were coming at five o'clock the next morning, and consequently her maids would be obliged to rise earlier than their wont; and she would not like them to wait up for her that evening, as they would be obliged to do if she gave herself the pleasure of remaining with us.

"Calling once, before ever the subject of missionary work was mooted as a personal one in that quiet, contented home, I could not help being struck by the immense amount of interest displayed in the work of the Church Missionary Society. Through hard work, the parishioners, too, were induced to become interested in it, and subscribed their pence as cheerfully as their dear friend later subscribed his life. Even the children had their separate little money-boxes for the same cause, which were regularly called in, Meppie and little Caroline taking their share with others, as far as their allowance of pocket-money permitted them, in aiding the funds of the Church Missionary Society."

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Hannington had not long been established at Hurst before he began to be in great request as a missionary, and the missions which he conducted, or at which he assisted in various parts of the country, were most successful. But even in this work his natural modesty and distrust of himself were apparent; he was always diffident, always doubtful about the permanent good accomplished by his efforts, and always chary about accepting those who professed to have been brought to a knowledge of the truth until he had ample proof of their sincerity.

His experiences in connection with his mission work were very varied—and sometimes a little trying. At one place, for instance, he found that practically nothing had been done in the way of preparation, and some of those who ought to have been most ready to help were the first to hinder. He had held a good meeting one night, and was announcing at its close that any who wished to speak with him might remain behind, when the organist explained that this was not possible, as there was to be a choir practice! Hannington's indignation was great, and he did not hesitate to express it. But he never allowed the apathy of others to disturb his own faith. In connection with this particular mission, though there was much to discourage him in the attitude of those who ought to have been amongst his best supporters, he simply went forward, doing his own best, and expecting a great blessing, and he was not disappointed. Events proved that his faith was justified, for the mission was a means of blessing to very many.

At another mission a huge, tipsy man wedged himself into the middle of a crowded meeting, and distressed

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the preacher by continual interruptions. But Hannington bravely held on, under conditions that would have entirely overcome many a speaker, and kept his congregation interested and impressed to the end. The strain was so great, however, that he afterwards burst into tears.

His difficulties in mission work did not always come from the congregations to whom he preached. After a mission in connection with his own Chapel of St. George's, he got what he called "a tremendous rowing" from a neighbouring clergyman, who complained most bitterly because one of his parishioners had been converted at the mission !

Even in his ministerial work he could not always resist his inborn love of teasing. He was arranging once to conduct a mission, when those in authority rather amused him by giving him very minute directions as to what he might and might not do ; and by way of a little harmless retaliation he went into the pulpit and began to test the sides of it and the desk, as though to find out how much rough handling they would stand. He observed with great delight that his investigations produced a feeling of terror as to what he was going to do when he preached, and then followed further hints and instructions. One can imagine his outward gravity and inward mirth as he listened—and the amazement of the innocents whom he had allowed to deceive themselves, when they found that the real Hannington was not a pulpit-destroying emotionalist, but a deeply earnest, spiritually minded missionary, who had power to stir the hardest hearts, and rouse sin-hardened men and women, as few could do, to a sense of their sin and their need of salvation.



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No man enjoyed life more than did James Hannington. He had the happy faculty of throwing himself into the pleasure of the moment with complete abandon—and that is one reason why those who sometimes had the pleasure of sharing a holiday with him found him such a delightful companion. With his friend Mr. Scriven he spent one holiday tramping in and about North Devon. When in the course of their wanderings they reached Bude, they were so dusty and travel-stained, and generally disreputable in appearance, that mine host of the inn viewed them with suspicion—much to Hannington's amusement. During this holiday they visited Lundy Island, and were detained there some ten days through stress of weather. In his bantering way Hannington attributed this and some other small misfortunes to the fact that he had with him a pair of old "nailey boots" which, he says, his father had given him to give away, but which he had appropriated to his own use. They leaked. They got wet, and he couldn't dry them. They were slippery. When he was carrying them through a pool of water a wave came; and in saving his boots he lost his balance, and fell and hurt his knee. And, finally, those misappropriated nailey boots were eaten by rats! "Who would have thought it!" he exclaims; and, he gravely adds, "never defraud the poor of a pair of boots again!"

By the death of his father in 1881, Hannington found himself owner of St. George's Chapel; but, although the building had been bequeathed to him, no monetary provision had been made for its upkeep. This could not have been intentional on his father's part, but it was an oversight which caused him great anxiety. It mattered not at all, of course, so long as

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he remained in charge himself, since he had private means sufficient for his own requirements; but his successor might not be so fortunately circumstanced. Not for a moment, however, would he permit his father to be blamed for a state of affairs which he felt sure was purely accidental.

So he continued his onerous duties as unpaid minister of the chapel; and, when the following year he offered himself for service in the foreign mission field, he suggested to the Church Missionary Society that they should arrange, during his service abroad, to supply the duty through missionaries who had retired or who were at home on leave of absence. Just before his departure from England on his last journey to Africa, he left the chapel by will to his brother, Mr. Samuel Hannington, who subsequently undertook all responsibilities connected with it.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE CALL TO SERVICE

IT was not until the year 1882, when he was thirty-two years of age, married, with a family of little children about him, and apparently settled in life as a parish priest, that Hannington seriously thought of offering himself for service as a missionary abroad. But it must not be thought that his offer was the outcome of a sudden resolve, or a passing whim. Since the occasion eight years previously—to which reference has already been made in these pages—when he attended his first missionary meeting at Parracombe, and confessed that he knew nothing about the subject and took little interest in it—he had thought much of missionary work ; and especially during the latter part of that time.

He was deeply influenced by the death, in the latter part of 1877, of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill, whose work was crowned by martyrdom on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza. He realised how greatly the removal of these two devoted men must have crippled the work and hindered the progress of missionary enterprise in Central Africa ; and he longed then to give himself to this particular form of Christian service.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the keen interest in the work of the Church in Africa which

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culminated in his offer to go there himself as a missionary dated from the day when he heard how these brave men had laid down their lives for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. At frequent intervals after that sad event he gave evidence in various ways of the fact that the work of foreign missions was constantly in his thoughts; and he was always eager to take advantage of every opportunity that offered to publicly urge the claims of the Church Missionary Society.

In the course of an interview, in the early part of 1882, with a friend—Mr. Cyril Gordon—he mentioned that he had a strong desire to offer himself as a missionary for the foreign field. Mr. Gordon reported this to Mr. Wigram, at that time honorary secretary of the Church Missionary Society. A few days later Hannington received a letter from Mr. Wigram offering to give him the opportunity he desired; and so the first step was taken, the first decisive indication given of that Divine leading which brought to the foreign mission service of the Church one of the most devoted of men.

His decision to give himself to the arduous and dangerous work of a foreign missionary evoked a good deal of protest amongst his friends, many of whom strongly opposed him in the matter. They pointed out, and quite reasonably, that he was already doing an excellent work in Hurstpierpoint; that if he went away his successor might not be able to maintain his work at the high level to which he had raised it; and that such service as he was rendering at Hurstpierpoint was as necessary and as honourable as work amongst the heathen in Africa or elsewhere.

To all these criticisms and objections Hannington



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had but one answer. He did not attempt to minimise the value of the work he was doing at home ; but, he said, it was easier to find someone else to carry on that work than to find a man able and willing to undertake the preaching of the Gospel in heathen lands afar. He felt—and he did not hesitate to say so—that there were plenty of men who would be glad enough to take his place at Hurstpierpoint, but there were not many who would be prepared to sacrifice home and home prospects, and go into the dark places of the earth. Missionaries are not, he was wont to declare, like other travellers, held in high esteem. They are looked upon as a sort of inferior clergy, and generally live unnoticed, and die unrewarded. Few men see much attraction in such a career. When the Church Missionary Society appealed for more men, their need seemed to him as the Master asking, “Who will go?” And promptly and eagerly he answered, “Lord, send *me!*”

In February, 1882, Hannington made a definite offer of himself to the Church Missionary Society for missionary work in the Nyanza district, for a period of five years, on condition that the Society filled his place during that time at St. George’s Chapel; and he undertook to contribute twenty-five pounds quarterly towards his expenses, and to give fifty pounds towards defraying the cost of his outfit. In this he was as generous as his duty to those dependent upon him allowed him to be; and there is no doubt that he would gladly have borne all the expense of his missionary service if he could have done so.

The opinion of the Society as to Hannington’s fitness for the work is evident from the fact that not only was his offer accepted, but it was decided to make him

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the leader of a party of missionaries who were about to go out to the assistance of Mr. A. M. Mackay, C.E., and the Rev. P. O'Flaherty, who were at that time working in the midst of great difficulty and danger at Rubaga.

It will be interesting at this point to trace in outline the early history of the Uganda Mission, with which practically the whole of Hannington's brief career as a missionary was so closely connected, and with which his name will be for ever identified; although, strangely and pathetically enough, he never actually entered the country for which he laid down his life.

The first effort for the evangelisation of Uganda was made rather more than sixty years ago, when two German missionaries, Ludwig Krapf and John Rebmann, working under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, made their way to Rabai, on a hill near one of the many creeks running inland from Mombasa, one of the chief seaports on the east coast of Africa. With Rabai as their headquarters they made many adventurous journeys into the interior—at that time an undiscovered country. They were the first Europeans who beheld the snow-clad mountains of Kilimanjaro; and they were the first to suggest the existence of the great lake system of Central Africa—a suggestion which was ridiculed by the geographers of that time, in spite of the stories brought to the coast by Arab traders of a great lake to which there was no end, “although one should travel for a hundred days to see the end.”

The theory of the missionaries was, however, ultimately proved to be correct by travellers who were sent to investigate it; and these travellers brought back news, not only of the great lakes, but of a wonderful

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kingdom on their shores—a kingdom with an organised government whose power was recognised and respected by the savage inhabitants of thousands of square miles of territory. This kingdom was Uganda, and its ruler was Mtesa—a young man at that time, whose wonderful personality led Stanley to write in 1875 his famous letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he “challenged Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda.” In that letter he declared that there was no more promising field for missionary work in the whole pagan world than in Uganda, whose inhabitants—called Baganda—are a Batu race, beyond question the most intelligent of all the native races of Central Africa.

The publication of Stanley’s letter roused an immense amount of interest in the work of evangelisation in Central Africa, and three days after its appearance, “An Unprofitable Servant” offered the Church Missionary Society the sum of £5000, on condition that it was used for the immediate and energetic organisation of a mission to the Victoria Nyanza. The offer was accepted, and was quickly followed by another of a similar amount on the same terms. Other generous contributions came in rapidly; and in the course of a few months the sum of £24,000 was placed at the disposal of the Society for this special work.

The task the Society had undertaken was full of difficulty and peril, for it involved a journey through hundreds of miles of country of which little was known except that its climate was unhealthy, and that it was ruled by chiefs whose attitude towards strangers would probably be hostile; and it would be almost impossible to maintain communication between the Society’s representatives and their friends.



A VIEW OF JORDAN'S NULIAH, THE SOUTH ARM OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA

*[From a Painting by Bishop Hannington]*



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But in spite of the many and grave dangers to be encountered, volunteers for this pioneer work were quickly forthcoming, and a party of eight persons formed the first missionary expedition to Uganda. The members of the party were George Shergold Smith, an ex-Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, who was studying for the ministry of the Church of England; Alexander Mackay, a young Scotch engineer; the Rev. C. T. Wilson, a Manchester curate; Mr. T. O'Neill, an architect; Dr. John Smith, a qualified medical man from Edinburgh; G. J. Clark, an engineer; W. M. Robertson, an artisan; and James Robertson, a builder from Newcastle.

Arrangements were completed as quickly as possible; and by the end of April, 1876, the little band had all left England on their adventurous journey. James Robertson had been rejected by the doctors when he offered to accompany the expedition; but he was so eager to go that he went eventually at his own risk and expense. He was hopelessly ill, however, when the party reached the coast, and he died before the journey into the interior had been commenced.

Starting from the mainland opposite Zanzibar, the party followed an old trade route, proceeding westward for about 230 miles, then continuing for some 300 miles further in a north-westerly direction, to the south of the Victoria Nyanza. From this point it was the intention of the travellers to continue their journey on the great lake itself, skirting the shores in canoes until they reached Uganda.

Some idea of the difficulties of the undertaking may be gathered from the fact that the journey from the coast to the shore of the lake—about 530 miles in all—

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occupied more than six months. The Rev. J. D. Mullins, M.A., in his intensely interesting book, "The Wonderful Story of Uganda," gives a graphic account of the discomforts endured by the brave little band of pioneers during their weary months of overland travel through Central Africa. They suffered terrible exhaustion and depression from the overpowering humid heat; they were continually tormented with a plague of insects, centipedes and snakes; they were in danger every day and every night from lurking beasts of prey. Fever attacked them, and left them almost too weak to travel; and they were subject to constant demands for tribute from petty chiefs whom they were bound to placate, or run the risk of personal violence. All their luggage and food, the goods they took with them as presents for the natives, and the cloth that served the purpose of money as a medium of exchange, had to be carried on the heads of black porters, who were themselves a constant source of worry and anxiety. "The long, straggling line which wound its way along the narrow paths often comprised hundreds of men; some deserting, some falling ill and dying, some attacked by robbers."

Not until 26th June, 1877—a day for ever memorable in the annals of missions—was Rubaga, the capital of Uganda, reached; and then only two of the original party of eight arrived there—Shergold Smith and C. T. Wilson. Of the little band who had so bravely offered to share in this splendid effort to carry the Gospel to the centre of Darkest Africa, one was already dead; Mackay, prostrate with fever, was ordered back to the coast from Mpwapwa, 220 miles inland; Clark was left in charge of the mission station at that place,

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but was afterwards, through ill-health, compelled to return home; W. Robertson broke down shortly after the party had left Mpwapwa, and had to go back. The remaining four went on, fighting their way through forests and swamps where malaria lurked, and across arid, trackless desert wastes until they reached the shores of the lake at last. There, when the most arduous part of their journey was accomplished, Dr. John Smith died, and O'Neill was left behind.

News of the arrival of the missionaries on the southern shore of the lake speedily reached Uganda, and it was not long before they received a letter from Mtesa, urging them to come to him with all possible speed.

Accordingly, they made immediate preparations to continue their journey in a small steam launch, the *Daisy*, which they had brought with them in sections. In this little vessel they made good progress until, attempting to land at an unknown place, the natives greeted them with showers of stones and arrows. Shergold Smith was nearly blinded with the stones, and Wilson was wounded in the arm with an arrow. This, however, was the only untoward incident that occurred during the journey, and, as already stated, Rubaga was reached on 26th June, 1877. On arrival they were escorted with great ceremony through a double line of soldiers, dressed in white, to the king's palace—a wonderful structure with walls of reed—and Mtesa gave them a royal reception, ordering salutes to be fired in their honour, and in honour of the name of Jesus.

Almost pathetic, in that it shows the eager desire for the Gospel that existed in the mind of Mtesa, is an incident recorded by Mr. Wilson, who tells that after

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the formal reception was over, "the king sent a message to say that he had one word which he wanted to say to us, but was afraid to do so before the people in the morning. So about four o'clock we went up. He said *he wanted to know if we had brought the Book—the Bible.*"

Mtesa ordered a mission station to be built, and as soon as this was finished, Shergold Smith journeyed south again to rejoin O'Neill, with whom he intended to go back to Rubaga. But this was not to be. The missionaries had had dealings with an Arab trader, from whom they had purchased a dhow. The Arab got into difficulties through a quarrel with a native king, and fled to the missionaries for protection. The king pursued him, and ordered the missionaries to give him up. This, however, they refused to do. The king thereupon attacked their camp, and Shergold Smith and O'Neill were both slain. It was on 7th December that this disaster occurred; and, as previously stated in these pages, it was the news of the death of these two heroic men that first really roused in Hannington the determination to offer himself for missionary service.

For nearly a year—until November, 1878—Wilson remained alone in Uganda. Then Mackay, who had only waited most impatiently for the restoration of his health, started again from the coast, and this time he accomplished the whole of the journey to Uganda in safety.

Meanwhile, the Church Missionary Society, concerned for the safety of the men who were so bravely striving to establish Christianity in this deadly region, had decided to send out another expedition, and this time it was resolved to utilise the Nile route. General



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Gordon, at that time Governor-General of the Soudan, greatly interested himself in the matter, and offered to help any men who might be sent that way.

The new expedition consisted of four men specially chosen by the Church Missionary Society: Pearson, who had been an officer in the P. & O. service; Felkin, a young doctor; and Litchfield and Hall, students of the Church Missionary Society College at Islington. They started from England in May, 1878. Ill-fortune soon overtook them; for one of their number—Hall—was stricken with sunstroke on the voyage out—in the Red Sea—and had to return. The others crossed the desert from Suakin to Berber on camels, and continued their journey up the Nile to Khartoum, where they were received by Gordon, who treated them with utmost kindness, and sent them forward on his own steamers at his own expense. So, with comparatively little difficulty, they reached the frontier of Uganda, and joined Wilson and Mackay early in February, 1879.

The little force of five soldiers of the Cross gained confidence and strength from each other's society—and they needed it all. Mtesa, although outwardly so friendly and apparently so favourably disposed towards Christianity, had all the while an eye to material advantage; and he was easily moved from his allegiance by the wiles of Arab traders who—chiefly because they knew their nefarious traffic in human flesh must suffer if the Christians once established themselves in Uganda—tried to turn the king from Christianity to the Mohammedanism which they had at an earlier date prevailed upon him to profess.

Nor was this the only difficulty with which the English missionaries had to contend; for soon after

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their arrival a couple of French Roman Catholic priests made their appearance, and at once began to act in opposition to them. Not only did these priests decline to attend the worship which Mackay conducted in the king's court, but, having first propitiated him with gifts of the kind that they knew he would most value—rifles, powder and shot, military uniforms, helmets, and swords—they tried to poison Mtesa's mind against the Protestant faith, telling him that the English missionaries had grossly deceived him. As may be imagined, the king was in a state of utmost perplexity. "How can I know whom to believe?" he said. "I am first taught by the Arabs that there is one God. The English come to tell me that there are *two*, and now I am to learn that there are three (God, Christ, and the Virgin). Has every nation of white men a different religion?" he asked in despair.

In the following April two more men, Stokes and Copplestone, reached Uganda, making a total of seven. The two newcomers, however, did not remain long, and when they left two of the others went with them, to take up duties to which they had been called elsewhere. The three remaining—Mackay, Litchfield, and Pearson—had to endure much petty persecution and annoyance from many causes, chief among them being the slanderous stories circulated by the Arabs to their detriment, the caprice of the king, whom the Arabs never tired of trying to prejudice against the men of the Church Missionary Society; and—alas! that it should have to be written—the opposition of the French priests. The position at length became intolerable to Litchfield and Pearson, and they left Uganda—the former in June, 1880, and Pearson in March of the following year.

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Before Pearson left, he and Mackay managed between them to set up a small printing-press, and taught the natives to read. The novelty of the new accomplishment appealed to the native mind, and soon scholars of all ages were diligently learning their letters and laboriously spelling out sentences and portions of Scripture. The tablets on which the latter were printed were not given away but offered for sale, and they found ready purchasers.

Mackay was not left to work single-handed after the departure of his friend Pearson; for in the same month that Pearson left, the Rev. Philip O'Flaherty arrived. He proved himself a man of great resource and strong personality. He quickly adapted himself to the conditions of life as he found it in Uganda, and speedily learnt the language; and with his splendid help Mackay managed to continue and improve upon the work that had been commenced—teaching, translating, preaching, and in various ways striving to civilise the natives.

The missionaries described themselves as “builders, carpenters, smiths, wheelwrights, sanitary engineers, farmers, gardeners, printers, surgeons, and physicians.” They were, indeed, all things to all men; and amid much to depress and discourage they were greatly cheered by evidence of the fruit of their labours. In October, 1881, a native boy came to Mackay with a note, written by himself with a pointed piece of spear grass, in which he asked that he might be baptised, because he believed the words of Jesus Christ. And this was only one incident of many which showed that at least some of the seed so carefully and painfully sown had fallen into good ground, and was destined to bear fruit in time to come.

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In 1882 the first Protestant baptism took place, and five converts were publicly admitted to the Church—the first five of a Church which two years later, at the end of 1884, consisted of eighty-eight native members, one of them being a daughter of Mtesa. This was a triumph indeed for the men who had laboured long and faithfully, and who now had the joy of knowing that the task which had at one time seemed so hopeless was accomplished, in so far that a foundation had been laid, upon which, in God's good time, might be built a native Church of Christian people amid the heathen wilds of Central Africa.

So, very imperfectly and very briefly, we have traced the history of Christianity in Uganda from the time when the first efforts were made by the Church Missionary Society to establish it there, until the day when Hannington heard the call to service, and answered it.



## CHAPTER VII

### THE FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY

WHEN Hannington's offer of service had been definitely accepted by the Committee of the Church Missionary Society—at a meeting at the Mission House in Salisbury Square on 7th March, 1882—he went straight back to Hurstpierpoint, and the first thing he did was to break the news to Mrs. Hannington. They had often discussed the possibility of his engaging in missionary work, and Mrs. Hannington had expressed her willingness for him to do so if opportunity offered, so that his announcement did not come as an unexpected shock, and she gave him freely to the work on which his heart was set.

The Committee had decided to place him in charge of the new expedition that they were arranging to send out to Uganda as a reinforcement to Mackay and O'Flaherty, who were so bravely holding the ground at Rubaga. The new party was to consist of six men in all—Hannington as leader; the Rev. R. P. Ashe, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge; the Revs. J. Blackburn, Cyril Gordon (Hannington's nephew), and W. J. Edmonds (students of the Church Missionary Society College at Islington) and Mr. C. Wise, an artisan.

The party were to travel by the same route as that followed by the first Church Missionary Society expedition to Uganda—proceeding first for over two

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hundred miles due west from Zanzibar, and then in a north-westerly direction until they reached the mighty Victoria Nyanza, that great lake, the surface of which measures twenty thousand square miles, and which contains an island as large as the Isle of Wight. From the southern shore of the lake the party would continue their journey by canoes, skirting the shore until they reached Uganda.

Not until the actual day of his departure had been fixed, and all his arrangements finally settled, did Hannington make known to his congregation at Hurst the fact that he was about to leave them. At first they seemed hardly able to believe that he was really going away. He had become so much a part of their lives that they regarded him as their own; and they could not be brought to see that it was his duty to go. At the meeting at which his decision was announced, many of the people wept aloud.

But when they had realised that their friend and pastor had indeed determined to go, and that nothing would now shake his resolve, they made up their minds to help him as far as they could. Though not by any means rich, they subscribed amongst themselves the sum of £85 towards the cost of his outfit and in other practical ways testified to their love for him.

It happened just at that time that public attention had been specially directed to Uganda by the issue of a book dealing with the affairs of that country, by Messrs. Wilson & Felkin. The volume had been very favourably reviewed in *The Times*; and Hannington took advantage of this fact to appeal in the columns of that paper for subscriptions towards the cost of a new boat in which to navigate the Victoria Nyanza—to

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replace the *Daisy*, which had been wrecked. He subscribed twenty-five pounds himself for this purpose; and the response of the public to his appeal was so generous that he was able to take out in sections a very good boat, which proved extremely useful to the missionaries.

A valedictory service was held on 16th May, 1882, in St. James's Hall, Paddington, at which eleven missionaries—Hannington amongst them—were committed to God's care; and in the evening he returned to Hurst and preached his farewell sermon to his own people.

To this day the memory of that sermon dwells in the minds of many who heard it. One of his friends writes: "I was not at the service, but on his return my father told me that it was one of the most effective addresses to which he had ever listened, and that it evoked a thrill of emotion through the whole of the densely crowded audience. The text was 1 Sam. xxx. 24: 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike.' With characteristic humility Mr. Hannington spoke of the time when he first came among them, hot-headed and inexperienced; told them things against himself which he had never laid to the charge of others, and said how kindly they had all borne with him. And he added words to which time has since given significance—that if it should be that he lost his life in Africa no man was to think that his life had been wasted. As for the lives which had been already given for this cause, they were not lost, but were filling up the trench so that others might the more easily pass over to take the fort in the name of the Lord.

"It was some little distance to his home from the parish church, but the road was lined with a double

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row of friends, who sought from him a last hand-shake on that memorable evening of the 16th of May. Such impromptu homage bespoke the love which he had won around his own home by the workings of his simple, manly, Christian character. His very hand-shake bespoke the man. He grasped your hand gently, but very firmly, and the pressure showed the friend that you felt understood you, and whom you could thoroughly trust."

It was not until after midnight on that day of leave-taking that Hannington was able to get away from his friends, and at five o'clock the next morning he was up and preparing for the worst trial of all—the final parting from the members of his immediate family and domestic circle. Of his farewell to his wife there is no need to speak; and the pain of parting from his three children was all on his side—they were too young to realise what it meant; and for this he was thankful. "Come back soon, papa!" they cried as he left them. The servants—all of them attached to him—were full of grief at his going; but none was quite so overcome as his boy, Tom Lewry. He asked that he might say good-bye alone; and when the moment came he flung his arms round his master's neck and implored him not to leave him. Scarcely less touching was the parting from one other of his humble friends, who for a month had begged every day with tears in his eyes to be allowed to accompany his beloved pastor, offering to work his passage to Zanzibar if only he might be permitted to go with him.

But perhaps the most remarkable testimony to his popularity, and the place he had gained in the affection of the people around him was the fact that a publican's



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son crept up to him and thrust into his hand a letter of farewell, with a book-marker and a text for keepsakes, and a note written by his mother. This to the man whose vigorous temperance campaign had, as he thought, made him the publican's enemy! At the last moment a number of the roughest of rough men, who were at work on a building—men of whom he says he thought they would have had a holiday to rejoice at his departure—left their work and crowded about him to express their sorrow at his departure. Some of them even went to the station, and he found them waiting at the train on the platform to bid him good-bye.

Then came the journey to London; one last hurried visit to Salisbury Square, and the farewell to his brother, who went with him to Gravesend, where he boarded the s.s. *Quetta*, on which he was to make the first part of his journey, and where he was joined by the other members of the expedition.

With characteristic appreciation of the merits of others, and depreciation of his own, he wrote to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society during the voyage a letter in which he had a good word to say for everybody but himself. With exaggerated humility he wrote: "There's only one wretch among the six, and if he is taken away it will be no great loss!"

Until they reached Aden the party for Central Africa thoroughly enjoyed their voyage. The *Quetta* was a fine, Clyde-built vessel, of 3200 tons, well appointed in every way, but at the Red Sea port they had to leave their comfortable quarters and re-embark in what Hannington described as "a dirty old vessel called the *Mecca*." It was indeed more than dirty, for it was verminous. Less than half the size of the *Quetta*, it

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was packed with passengers, and the conditions on board were so atrociously bad that even Hannington, seasoned sailor though he was, suffered from sickness, when, to the general discomfort and bad management, was added the misery of rough weather and heavy seas.

In a generally dishevelled condition the party at length reached the island of Zanzibar; and they were thankful indeed to see the last of the *Mecca*. It was on 19th June that they completed this stage of their journey.

Hannington admitted that he was rather favourably impressed with Zanzibar—not that it was by any means perfect, but it was so much less intolerable than he had been led to expect! They did not remain long on the island, and the time they spent there was fully occupied with preparations for the difficult and dangerous journey overland that lay before them.

Before leaving for the interior, Hannington had an interview with the Sultan, Seyyid Barghash—the noble and energetic ruler of Zanzibar, he called him. He had heard that the Sultan was becoming alarmed at the number of European missionaries who were passing through Zanzibar; but he had no reason to complain of the Sultan's attitude towards him, for he was received with the greatest kindness and courtesy.

The palace is beautifully situated in the Grand Square; and thither, at the appointed time, arrayed in full academicals—scarlet hood and Master's gown—he made his way escorted by the pro-Consul—Colonel Miles—who, in the absence of the Consul, Sir John Kirk, was to introduce him. A guard of honour, drawn up in front of the palace, saluted upon their arrival, and the Sultan came down into the square to greet his guest, with whom he shook hands cordially,

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and then invited him to follow him up some stairs—so steep, as Hannington humorously observed, that they formed a perfect safeguard against any inebriated person who might wish to thrust himself uninvited into the Sultan's presence.

The Sultan led the way into his reception room, and there his guests were regaled with coffee and iced sherbet, while he plied them with questions through an interpreter, and showed himself keenly interested in their expedition. Hannington was surprised to find that the Sultan, though a man of great intelligence, showed an amazing credulity, for he believed firmly a report that had reached him of a gigantic snake in Ugogo, which was said to reach from the earth to the sky, and to devour oxen and women and children whole!

After about half an hour the pro-Consul suggested that the interview must terminate, and the Sultan then rose with his guests, and leading the way into the square, he shook hands with them and bade them good-bye.

Before the expedition could leave Zanzibar, the whole of the mission stores had to be packed up into suitable loads of from fifty-five to sixty pounds; for everything the travellers took with them had to be carried on the backs of native porters, since, owing to the ravages of the tsetse fly, the use of beasts of burden was impossible. The porters were principally of two different races—the Wanguana, or coast men, from Zanzibar, and the Wa-Nyamwezi, or men from the country of the moon, the vast region to the south of the Victoria Nyanza. The baggage was heavy and cumbersome, the missionaries having to take with them not only their own personal impedimenta, but also a varied collection of articles with which to purchase

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food, pay tribute, and hire extra assistance when necessary. The tribes of the interior had not learnt the use of coinage as a medium of exchange, and consequently everything had to be paid for in kind.

The mere packing of so much luggage was a work of great labour, and Hannington found it a source of considerable worry and anxiety—due chiefly to the exasperatingly dilatory habits of the Zanzibari, who apparently had no idea of the value of time, and could not be prevailed upon to hurry over their labour.

But at length the last load was packed, and everything was ready for the crossing from Zanzibar to the mainland. Mr. Stokes, who was going with the expedition in charge of the caravan, crossed first to the little town of Sedaani with the greater part of the luggage; and on the following day, 27th June, the missionaries followed. The channel between the island and the mainland is about thirty miles wide, and Hannington and his fellow travellers accomplished the crossing in an Arab dhow—a crazy old craft in which they were packed so tightly that they scarcely had room to move.

When they arrived off Sedaani it was high tide, and they could not approach the shore nearer than half-a-mile; and at that point the dhow grounded and bumped so alarmingly that the occupants expected every moment it would go to pieces. Mr. Stokes saw their predicament from the shore, and plunging through the breakers brought a small dug-out canoe to the side of the dhow. The canoe was, however, half full of water; and though some of the party decided to avail themselves of it, Hannington, preferring, as he humorously said, a swimming to a foot-bath, decided to jump



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into the water. Regardless of the risk from sharks, and the discomfort of the sharp coral beneath his feet, he stripped off his clothes, put them into a bag, and then, jumping overboard, half waded and half swam to shore.

At length the whole party safely reached land, where their tents had already been pitched ; and they were quite ready for the dinner which awaited them. But since the principal dish consisted of an African goat, so tough as to be almost uneatable, it is doubtful whether any of them enjoyed the repast.

The following day was spent in getting the porters into position, checking their loads and putting everything thoroughly into order for the march that lay before them ; and the next morning at dawn the long procession of seven white men and about five hundred porters, headmen, and tent-boys set out on their journey into the interior.

Their way for a time lay through a beautiful district abounding in rivers, and having the general appearance of English parklike scenery. The travellers had no special difficulties to contend with on this part of the route, except those which arose from the inclination of some of the porters to desert and return to the coast. So long as nearness to the coast made desertion comparatively easy this danger was always present, and the trouble would probably have been much greater but for the presence of Mr. Stokes, whose knowledge of the natives enabled him successfully to overcome it.

The travellers made their way at first along a path which, but for the tropical nature of the vegetation surrounding it, might have been a way through an English wood. Through this beautiful, but by no means typically African scenery, amongst long grass,



A PEEP AT AN AFRICAN POOL

[From a Painting by Bishop Hannington]

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umbrella-like acacia trees, candle-shaped euphorbias, and long-spined mimosas, they made their way until they reached their first camp at Ndumi.

Here they had their first experience of an African pool, and it was not one which anyone need envy them. The surroundings were beautiful enough, but the water itself was unspeakably foul. Hannington declared that an English cow or an Irish sow would have turned from it ; and it was scarcely an exaggeration to say that here and elsewhere during his African journeys the only water available for all purposes was often so thick and black that it was difficult to tell whether it came under the category of meat or drink ! But he observes philosophically that it boiled well, and added body to the tea ! No wonder that when, as so often happened, he was prostrated with serious illness, he avoided drinking any liquid at all. On more than one occasion, for three and even four days together, he drank nothing whatever.

On the 8th of July, 1882, the travellers reached the river Buzini—the first stream they had encountered on their journey. They were all exceedingly hot when they reached its banks, and Mr. Stokes warned them most seriously against attempting to wade through the water. To do so would be to risk an attack of fever ; and as he knew of one man who had paid for an imprudence of this kind with his life, he begged them most earnestly to be careful.

Hannington had no intention of doing anything foolish, and he had made up his mind to wait quietly by the river bank until the arrival of the headmen, who had not yet reached the river. But, unfortunately, his boys were suddenly seized with an ambition to carry



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him across. The task was clearly beyond their power ; but in spite of his most vigorous objection and resistance, they insisted. Willy-nilly, he was hoisted upon the shoulders of one of them, and carried into the stream.

As soon as they entered the water Hannington felt his bearer beginning to totter. He begged him to go back, and even the men on the bank, fearing an accident, shouted to him to return. • But all to no purpose. The ambitious Johar was resolved to carry his enterprise through, or perish in the attempt. So he went stumbling and tottering on—swaying, as Hannington said, like a bulrush in a gale of wind. The unwilling passenger clenched his teeth and held his breath, in momentary expectation of a catastrophe. And at last it happened. In the middle of the stream Johar lost his footing on a slippery rock, and down he went with his burden flat into the water ! The consequences might have been serious, for Hannington was, of course, soaked from head to foot ; but happily he suffered nothing more than the inconvenience of the wetting, and on this occasion, at least, the dreaded symptoms of fever did not show themselves.

The travellers were soon made aware that there would be plenty of diversity in their experiences of African travel. The next day after their leader's involuntary dip in the river was Sunday. Towards evening, while the others were resting after the services of the day, Hannington was tending some sick folk when he noticed smoke, and soon he found that the high grass round about the camp was blazing. The situation was dangerous, for the grass was as dry as tinder ; and unless prompt and effective measures were taken the whole camp would in a few minutes be



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on fire. Hannington shouted an alarm and almost immediately everyone was hard at work, some fighting the flames while others struck the tents and carried the baggage to a place of safety.

It was an exciting and anything but peaceful ending to their Sabbath, but at last the danger was over, and the natives settled down once again to their interrupted rest. At least, so Hannington thought; but it transpired afterwards that they were intent on revenge. They had discovered that the fire had been caused maliciously by the inhabitants of a neighbouring village, and after a quiet discussion amongst themselves they had resolved, by way of retaliation, to burn that village to the ground. So, each man with his weapon in his hand, they departed on their private mission of revenge. But news of this unauthorised expedition of vengeance reached the ears of Mr. Stokes shortly after the men had started, and in a great state of excitement he rushed round the camp shouting out the news and calling upon everybody to help him bring the rebels back. This they were fortunately able to do before much actual damage was done, and when peace and order were once more restored the missionaries sat down to their badly needed dinner.

Even now, however, the exciting experiences of this eventful day were not at an end; for they had barely commenced their meal when the cry of "Fire!" was again raised. And this time the menace of the flames was more serious than ever. Every man in the camp had to rush off to do battle with the fire which was blazing in the long grass around them. The only way to fight it was to rush right through the blazing grass and beat it down. This struggle with one of the most

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terrible of nature's forces was a severe one, and it taxed the strength and endurance of the men considerably ; but it was successful, and again the camp was saved from destruction.

But, terrifying as their experiences of fire must have been, the missionaries were soon to be attacked by a still more fearful enemy, for on 17th July almost every member of the party—Hannington amongst them—was attacked by fever, that dread scourge of the traveller in Africa. Fortunately, the attacks were slight, but, in Hannington's case, they were frequent, and their effect was very distressing.

On 21st July they arrived at Mamboia, where a flourishing Church Missionary Society Mission station had long been established. The missionary in charge, Mr. Last, and his wife gave them a hearty welcome, and Hannington thoroughly enjoyed his brief stay there, amid beautiful surroundings, the scenery being not unlike that of North Devon.

Four days later they left for the next station, Mpwapwa; and on the way thither Hannington had a narrow escape in the course of one of his excursions in search of game. He was walking along when suddenly he fell headlong into one of the hidden pits which the natives cleverly contrive as traps for wild animals. Usually these pits are staked at the bottom with sharp-pointed, upstanding spears, so that animals falling into them are at once impaled and killed. But, by a merciful Providence this particular pit contained no spears. At the moment of his fall he was carrying his gun at full cock in his hand; but he had the presence of mind to let himself go, and concern himself only about his weapon, which, fortunately, did not

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explode. The pit was at least ten feet deep, and, as may be imagined, he did not escape without a severe shaking and bruising, but that was the only injury he suffered.

It might be thought that an adventure such as this would have quelled the ardour of the most enthusiastic hunter, at any rate for a time; but Hannington was off again with his gun before daybreak the next morning. He found the monotony of nothing but tough goat at every meal a powerful incentive to test once more his powers as a hunter. From this fresh excursion he was quickly recalled by an alarm of *Ruga-ruga* (robbers). Away he went to fight them, and as soon as they caught sight of him rushing fearlessly towards them, they fled precipitately, and peace was once more restored in the camp.

A double march on 28th July, with a few attendants, brought Hannington to Mpwapwa, where Dr. Baxter was in charge. The halt here was very brief, and Hannington was thoroughly tired out; but weary as he was he managed to rouse himself sufficiently to make a collection of the fauna and flora of the district—a task involving a good deal of exertion, and attended by not a little personal discomfort.

While he and Dr. Baxter were hunting for specimens, they had the misfortune to encounter a great colony of black ants, and though they did their best to avoid them, they were severely bitten. Hannington described the noise made by these myriads of ants when on the march as a kind of hissing roar; and the dry bed of the stream in which they encountered them was black with them as far as the eye could see.

There was considerable risk, too, in handling unknown plants, some of which proved to be of a malignant and

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highly dangerous nature. One such was a beautiful bean, the pod of which was thickly covered with short, red hairs, which entered the skin, and caused acute pain. When Hannington first seized this tempting bait he was nearly driven mad, and was a long time discovering the source of the mischief; for, unlike the nettle, which stings at once, this venomous pod does not develop its evil effects until some time afterwards.

But so enthusiastic a naturalist as Hannington is not easily daunted; and in spite of this and other trials he managed to gather a valuable collection of birds and insects, plants and mosses, many of which are to be seen to-day in the British Museum.

After three days at Mpwapwa the expedition travelled to Khambe, a day's march farther on. The march was a difficult and trying one, through forest land and over the rough stony ground of a rugged and steep mountain pass. The men had been sent on before to set up the tents, and prepare the camp generally, and Hannington and his fellow-travellers, toiling along in the heat, looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the rest and refreshment that they hoped awaited them at their journey's end.

But looking down from the summit of the pass towards their camping ground, no tents were to be seen, nor any signs of a camp. Feeling sure that some accident must have occurred, they hurried forward, full of alarm. When they at length reached the place where the camp ought to have been, a scene of utter desolation met their eyes. A tremendous wind had arisen, scattering the camp-fires, tearing down some of the tents, and raising huge clouds of dust which smothered everything. The men in



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despair had taken refuge in a deep, dry trench cut through the sandy plain by a mountain torrent.

The whole scene was desolate and disheartening to a degree, and especially so to the little group of tired and hungry men who had expected to find food and rest and shelter awaiting them. \* But there was nothing to be gained by looking at it; and by way of setting a good example Hannington seized a hammer, and set to work on the tent-pegs, and soon forgot his weariness. After a time the camp was to some extent re-established; but the dust could not be excluded; and with sand gritting their teeth with every mouthful of food, and almost smothering them as they slept, they were anything but comfortable. By way of encouragement the natives informed them that they must expect this sort of thing all through the last stage of their journey to the lake.

Yet amidst personal discomforts and trials and vexations that would have irritated the average man almost beyond endurance, Hannington remained always cheerful and hopeful. Even amidst the sand storms of Khambe he could write this letter to the Church Missionary Society Committee:—"We are resting to-day. The reason for these rests is that we are waiting for the boat to gain upon us, and catch us up, in order to save *hongo* (tribute). But I do not personally believe in rests, either for masters or men. We have now some very hard work before us; nearly twenty-four hours' march to-morrow. I am very happy. Fever is trying, but it does not take away the joy of the Lord, and keeps one low *in the right place*."

The march to which he referred in the letter quoted above was a particularly trying one of forty miles across the desert of Marenga Mkali to Pero, their next halting

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place—the frontier town of Ugogo. It was late in the afternoon before a start could be made; and at about five o'clock darkness descended, with that suddenness which is usual in the tropics. They struggled on for three hours in the dark, with dense foliage overhead, which made the way before them an impenetrable blackness, and stony ground beneath their feet, over which they stumbled painfully.

At eight o'clock a halt was called, huge fires were lighted, and the men secured a few hours' sleep, which they badly needed. At one o'clock the sleepers were roused, and the huge caravan once again set in motion. Tired and irritable and footsore, the men went on their way until the sun rose, and extreme heat was added to their other trials.

Then, just when it seemed that human nature was enduring all it could possibly bear, three shots were heard, and the cry *Ruga-ruga!* which had once before indicated to Hannington the approach of robbers, effectually roused the men. From inert, listless beings, with scarcely energy to crawl, they were suddenly transformed into an alert, eager crowd; and, all their weariness forgotten, they dashed away in search of the foe. The search was vain! And it turned out afterwards that the scare had been manufactured by Mr. Stokes, who, seeing that the men were nearly exhausted, thought a little healthy excitement might infuse new life into them. The ruse succeeded admirably. Even Hannington himself was tricked for the time being, and shared the tonic effect of the clever deceit, which so revived the flagging energies of the weary travellers that they all marched on with new vigour, and at 11.30 A.M. reached Pero.

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When the excitement had subsided the old lassitude returned, and it was a matter of some difficulty to induce the men to start on the next stage of the journey; but after much persuasion and the promise of a short march, their reluctance was overcome, and the next camp was reached. The water here proved to be terribly bad. The only source of supply was one deep hole into which all kinds of small animals—rats, lizards, toads, and the like—had fallen and been drowned. The water smelt abominably. No filtering or boiling had any purifying effect on it, and it flavoured everything.

The natural result upon Hannington of drinking this horrible fluid was a sharp attack of fever. It was on Sunday, 6th August, that the dreaded symptoms first manifested themselves, and he resolved to try to overcome them by a brisk walk. The day before he had seen three lions, and had followed them into some dense bush, where he lost sight of them. Now, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. Gordon, he turned his steps in the direction which the lions had taken. He had not gone far, however, when the fever attacked him, and it was all he could do to stagger back to his tent. He became so seriously ill that for three days his life was despaired of. Even when the worst was over, his weakness was such that the mere fact of a headman coming into his tent to speak a few kindly words to him brought on a fainting fit. But through all the suffering and weakness his cheery optimism never left him—and indeed it was probably to this, in great measure, that he owed his recovery.

The natives, though a source of constant worry, gave Hannington a good deal of amusement. In some of

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the places he passed through the people had never seen a white man before, and their curiosity, though excusable, must have been more than a little embarrassing. It was nothing unusual for them to crowd round his tent in ranks five deep. Their general opinion of him seemed to be that he was exceedingly ugly; and his clothing amused them greatly, the number and variety of his garments causing them utmost astonishment. His watch was an unfailing attraction; and his nose they compared to a spear—it seemed to them so sharp and thin in comparison with the African variety! His patience and good humour enabled him to put up with all the inconvenience of their curiosity without betraying the least resentment, though sometimes he must have found their scrutiny very trying.

The most inquisitive of all the tribes he encountered were the Wagogo. These people are not considered friendly to travellers, but Hannington took a great liking to them. He thought there was something very manly about them. They seemed interested in the worship of the white men, though they showed no disposition to take part in it; and Hannington was hopeful that the Gospel message would win its way to their hearts.

The leader of the expedition considered he had achieved a triumph when, on 22nd August, he was able to say that his party had passed through Ugogo without having paid *hongo*—always a heavy strain on the resources of travellers in Africa.

On 30th August they reached Itura, where the Wa-Nyamwezi women entertained them with a national dance which lasted for hours. In return for this courtesy Hannington showed them an English doll, which he



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undressed before their wondering eyes ; and they were greatly amazed at the number and variety of the garments in which it was arrayed.

The following day the travellers entered on a stretch of about eighty miles of forest desert. They found the heat of the sun exceedingly trying; and on 2nd September, as there was a full moon, they decided to try the experiment of a night march. Hannington was at the rear, to prevent straggling and loitering, and was having some trouble with the men, when he heard shouts and yells from those in front, and guns were fired. Thinking that the *Ruga-ruga* had again attacked them he hurried forward, and found that the cause of the commotion was a lion, which, calmly eating its supper in the bushes close to the path, refused to move, in spite of the noise which the natives hoped would scare it away.

Taking his gun, Hannington prepared to shoot the obstinate beast, much to the alarm of his white friends, who, with most of the natives, swarmed up the nearest trees, so as to be out of harm's way. At the critical moment a black boy rushed in and shot wildly in the lion's direction. The shot did not take effect, but the lion got up and moved off into the bush with his prey ; and at the earnest entreaty of his friends, Hannington turned unwillingly away, feeling that a grand opportunity had been lost. After this exciting experience, there was no further difficulty in keeping the stragglers together. Their fatigue suddenly disappeared, and they packed together like a flock of sheep.

At last, after a march as toilsome and tiring as any they had yet experienced, the party reached the Mission Station of Uyui on 3rd September. The station

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was at that time in charge of Mr. Copplestone, who greeted his brother missionaries most cordially. There seemed every prospect of a few days' happiness and peace amid the congenial surroundings of the mission, when Hannington was laid low with a severe attack of dysentery, which completely prostrated him.

So ill was he that the other members of the mission, after long and anxious discussion, decided that he could not possibly proceed to the Lake, and he accepted their decree in a spirit of rare humility and resignation. The decision was a tremendous disappointment to him, but under the circumstances it did not surprise him, and he accepted it in a spirit of calm resignation. On 15th September his party went on their way, leaving their leader in the capable and kindly hands of Mr. Copplestone, and his nephew, Mr. Gordon.

While he was ill he received a visit from Ngembi, the chief of the district, whom he was anxious to honour. During the interview he sat in a draught and contracted acute rheumatism, which quickly developed into rheumatic fever, and with this complication of diseases it seemed impossible for him to recover. Even when he regained a little strength temporarily he had no hope himself of ultimate recovery, and he chose a place near the mission station for his own burial.

Through all his pain—and sometimes it was so severe that he would beg everyone to leave him, that he might scream and thus try to relieve the agony—he was wonderfully patient, and his trust and faith never wavered. Mr. Copplestone wrote afterwards:—"His stay with me was a real blessing. His spirituality was very deep. Oftentimes he would say, 'Come, Copplestone, sing me one of your consecration hymns.' His

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favourite was, 'I am coming to the Cross.' Nearly every night we would have a special time of prayer together before retiring to rest. Yes, those were hallowed times, never to be forgotten."

For six weeks Hannington hovered between life and death, and then, almost as much to his own surprise as that of his friends, he began steadily to improve. Almost at the same time he was amazed by the totally unexpected return of his expedition. It seemed that Mr. Stokes, proceeding along the old road to the Lake, was stopped by the natives, who not only demanded payment of *hongo* to an unreasonable amount, but insisted that part of the tribute should take the form of guns and powder—a kind of *hongo* which the agents of the Church Missionary Society have always, and very rightly, refused.

Mr. Stokes paid a portion of the tribute, but decided not to proceed. He lodged a complaint with the chief of the district, who had guaranteed the safe passage of the expedition through his country in return for the tribute paid to him. The chief was very angry with the offending tribesmen, and while he was adjusting his quarrel with them, Mr. Stokes brought the whole caravan back to Uyui, intending to try to reach the Lake by another route.

When Hannington heard of their arrival he exclaimed, "I shall live, and not die!" He felt that they had returned that he might go with them—and indeed this seemed to be the case. Another consultation was held, and it was decided that when the party was ready to start again he should accompany them—carried this time in a hammock until he was well enough to walk.

## CHAPTER VIII

### ADVENTURES BY THE WAY

IT was nothing but Hannington's iron will and splendid courage that enabled him to face the difficulties and dangers of the renewed march towards the Lake. He was still so weak and ill that all his friends at Uyui felt that the experiment he was about to make was not unlikely to terminate fatally; but he was determined to reach the Lake if he could. So, the dispute about *hongo* having been satisfactorily adjusted, the caravan started on 16th October, leaving Mr. Blackburn and Mr. Edmonds behind to take the place of Mr. Copplesstone, who was about to return to England.

At the very outset Hannington's troubles began; for when he reached the camp in his hammock he found that fifty of the porters, terrified at the idea of crossing Mirambo's country, had deserted, and all was confusion. He decided, however, to proceed with as many loads as possible, leaving headmen to engage new porters and follow on with the rest of the baggage. It took two-and-a-half hours to re-arrange the porters' loads, and this time Hannington spent resting under a tree. Presently his bearers arrived, and he got into his hammock and began his journey—only to find that instead of the six men for whom he had stipulated, only four had been allotted to him, and of



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these three were the very dregs of the caravan and had neither power nor inclination to carry him properly.

They had not proceeded far when, as he expected, they dropped him. Fortunately he was prepared for this, and managed to break his fall and so avoid serious injury. He gave them a long rest but that availed nothing, and at last in desperation, he got out of the hammoek and walked for two hours. This tramp of six miles, after he had been in bed for the best part of six weeks, and, even at his best during the latter part of that time, barely able to crawl from one room to another, was a marvel even to himself.

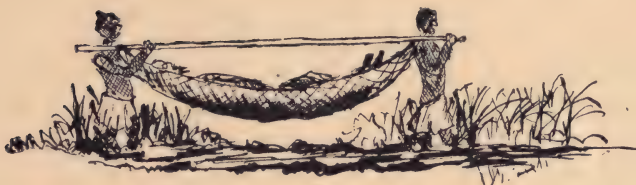
He reached camp at eight o'clock, and found everything in a state of chaos, and the men—in the absence of Mr. Stokes, who had gone with Mr. Copplestone to interview King Mirambo—sulky and insubordinate. Ill and exhausted as he was, he had to do that night without bedding and without food. The next morning he refused to start with less than six bearers; but these proved as incompetent as the four who had already failed him, and the experiences of the previous afternoon were repeated—with the added aggravation of distress from want of food. At 11.30 that day he had his first meal since leaving Uyui, twenty-five hours before, and it consisted of pea soup without stock, and flour-and-water dumpling without suet—hardly an ideal dietary for an invalid! The next day he declined to move until six good men were allotted to him; and since his life absolutely depended upon his having reliable bearers to carry him, he was quite justified in making this firm stand.

For about a fortnight the expedition continued to make fair progress; and although Hannington was ill



Fall forwards and catch my porter

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Through black mud

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Fall backwards

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TRAVEL BY HAMMOCK

Bishop Hannington's humorous sketches of a trying ordeal

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more or less most of the time, he found some amount of enjoyment in his ever changing surroundings. His cheerfulness amidst the most depressing circumstances, and even when he was suffering considerable bodily pain, was marvellous. He was so racked with rheumatism that he could only just manage to sit up for meals; and he admitted that if he had been at home his doctor would have wanted to wrap him up in cotton wool; yet he could write:—"This life is thoroughly agreeable to me." And he added, "If I had good health I should be too happy. What wonderful mercy surrounds us. Truly, underneath are the Everlasting Arms!"

On 1st November the travellers pitched their camp near the village of a great chief named Shimami—great in possessions, stature, and power. He showed himself to be friendly disposed towards the strangers, and sent them a present of a fine goat, some milk, and two oxen. He followed up his gifts by a personal visit; and, to his huge delight, Hannington presented him with a pair of blue spectacles and a wide-awake hat. These he donned forthwith, and then led his new friend to the village, where the chief's appearance in his new finery created a great impression. Hannington was greatly amused, but his mirth gave no offence; for in Africa laughter is seldom expressive of ridicule.

After this date Hannington's health steadily improved; and on 6th November he felt so well that he attempted the ascent of a mountain in search of botanical specimens. While on the mountain alone and unarmed, he was suddenly confronted by three men, armed with pistol, bow, and arrows. He realised that he was entirely at their mercy; but, resolved to

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put a bold front on the matter, he faced them, and in the native language wished them "Good afternoon." Then it transpired that, far from having designs on his life, they regarded him with utmost respect. For they believed him to be a great magician, whose purpose on the mountain was to make a new well, and they had followed him simply to find out where he intended to establish the new supply of water, which they badly needed.

He did his best to persuade them that his investigations of mosses and stones and the bark of trees had nothing whatever to do with the finding of water, or the making of springs, which was in the power of God alone, but in vain. Nothing would induce them to believe that he was not a wonderful magician, who for some reason was unwilling to exercise his power.

The expedition was now approaching the village of Kwa Sonda, where they hoped to found a new mission station, and in the neighbourhood of the village they expected to get their first view of the great Lake. But though they explored the district thoroughly, they were doomed to disappointment. Instead of the grand stretch of water and luxuriant foliage they had hoped to see, they found nothing but a sandy plain, and in the midst of it a singularly unpicturesque village.

It transpired afterwards that they had not gone in the right direction from which to see the water; but their disappointment was not without its compensation; for on their return to the village, after dinner, while they were at prayers, the chief came in and asked what they were doing. They explained that they were about to pray to God. "Go on," said he, "let me hear you;" and when their devotions were over he said,



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“You must teach me.” The incident may seem trivial but it gladdened the hearts of the missionaries exceedingly; and Hannington, though unwilling to attach too much importance to it, yet could not help regarding it as an earnest from heaven. It set his heart praising, and filled him with assurance that God had not forgotten those who, amid much discouragement, were trying to carry the Gospel light to some of earth’s darkest places.

On 9th November they went exploring again, and this time found the Lake. It was not a very imposing sight at this point—Msalala—for it was scarcely a mile wide, and in appearance like a duck-pond, or a sluggish English river in summer time. The voices of the natives were plainly audible from the opposite bank. Still, they had at last reached the great Victoria Nyanza, an achievement which afforded them no little satisfaction.

Their advance was now checked for a time. They were short of cloth; and, moreover, the porters who were carrying the sections of the boat, in the charge of Raschid, were a long way behind. Obviously they could do nothing on the Lake without the boat; so, as the rainy season was upon them, they decided to set to work at once and build huts in which to shelter until such time as they were able to proceed. Hannington also sent letters to Uganda, advising the brethren there of his arrival, and asking that canoes might be sent for his party, if their immediate presence were required.

Mr. Stokes, who had so efficiently guided the expedition thus far, having now accomplished his mission, made arrangements to return to the coast with

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a number of the porters who were no longer needed. Hannington was very reluctant to part from him. His unceasing kindness had been a great comfort, and his ability in managing the men a great advantage. "When he was gone," wrote Hannington, "a slight feeling of loneliness crept over us. We felt rather like men with empty pockets, turned adrift in the wide world, not knowing exactly where we were, or what to do next."

The unbounded influence which Hannington obtained over the natives who accompanied him has often been commented upon. It was due in great measure to the personal bravery by which he saved himself and others in more than one almost hopeless situation, and which caused his men to regard him as possessed of miraculous power. So convinced were they of his supernatural gifts that they were almost afraid to oppose him, and they looked upon him as having a charmed life. Of all the recorded instances of his courage, perhaps the most remarkable is that which occurred on one occasion at Msalala, when he was out with his gun-bearer on one of his frequent expeditions for botanical specimens. He had wandered about a mile from the camp, and was standing in the midst of a belt of dense mimosa scrub when he noticed an animal moving at some little distance from him. It was a strange-looking creature, about the size of a sheep, and of a kind quite unfamiliar to him. Thinking that he would like to add its skin to his collection, he fired at it without hesitation, and killed it. The tragedy was over before his gun-bearer had time to interfere, or say a word; but almost simultaneously with the firing of the shot the boy screamed out in terror. His better knowledge taught

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him that his master had done something which placed them both in deadly danger. Half mad with fright, the boy took to his heels, shouting as he did so, "Run, *bwana*, run!" Hannington was bewildered for the moment by the boy's sudden alarm, but he had not long to wait for an explanation. With a terrific roar of rage and grief a pair of lions came suddenly bounding towards him through the scrub. He had killed their cub and they were intent on avenging its death!

The lions were only a few paces away, and escape by flight was impossible. It was a terrible dilemma, and in such a case most men would have given themselves up for lost. But not so Hannington. Even in that supreme moment of danger, when almost at a single bound the enraged brutes whom he had deprived of their offspring could have reached him, his ready wit did not desert him. He remembered that sometimes even the king of the forest can be frightened by an unexpected demonstration; and on the inspiration of the moment—an inspiration which undoubtedly saved his life—he suddenly threw up his arms, gave vent to unearthly yells, and began to dance like a madman. At this extraordinary performance the lions stopped, and stood staring at him. Then, still facing them and keeping up his weird exhibition of noise and fantasy, Hannington managed cautiously to retreat, literally by inches, until about a hundred yards divided him from the astonished and frightened lions. Then he suddenly ceased his dancing and shouting and quietly walked away.

It might be supposed that, having thus escaped so narrowly from what had looked like almost certain death, even so fearless and intrepid a hunter as





A THRILLING ENCOUNTER WITH THE KING OF THE FOREST  
[From a Painting by Bishop Hannington]



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Hannington would most thankfully have regarded the adventure as ended. But he very badly wanted the skin of the cub he had killed under such thrilling circumstances—partly because he valued it for its own sake, and partly because he wished for a memento of such a memorable occasion. So, just before dark on the same day, he retraced his steps and went back to the spot where a few hours before he had so narrowly escaped death. He found the lions there, walking round and round the dead body of their whelp, licking it and growling savagely. Quite unconcernedly he approached them, even stopping by the way to pick a rare blossom which caught his eye. Having safely deposited the flower in his pocket-book he went on again; and when he judged that he had approached as near the lions as was prudent, he suddenly began to repeat his former tactics. The lions gazed for a moment at the strange, yelling, gesticulating creature that had again invaded their solitude, and then walked away, leaving the cub on the ground. Hannington thereupon went forward, and seizing the animal by its hind legs, dragged it through the scrub, and brought it in triumph to the camp.

His arrival with his prize caused a tremendous sensation in the village. The natives could hardly believe that he had dared to kill “the child of the lion”—a far more dangerous thing to do, they declared, than to kill the lion himself—and their respect for him increased accordingly.

But all Hannington’s bravery could not keep the dreaded fever out of his camp; and in addition to the trouble of sickness amongst his followers he had a good deal of anxiety to bear on account of Raschid, who had

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not yet arrived, and concerning whom disquieting rumours were reaching him. It was ultimately decided that Ashe and Gordon should go in search of Raschid, while Hannington sent messengers to interview Romwa, King of Uzinza, and ask him to assist the party to reach the head of the Lake.

Before Hannington's messengers had got back from Uzinza, Ashe and Gordon returned with Raschid and his caravan. They had found Raschid in an utterly dilapidated condition. Both Ashe and Gordon were very ill, and Wise was also suffering from fever, so the entire burden of responsibility fell upon Hannington, who was himself far from well. But he was much cheered by the hopeful report which his messengers brought back from Romwa, who had promised to help the Mission party to the utmost of his power, and supply them with canoes for the voyage up the Lake. He decided on the strength of this report that he would visit Romwa's capital—some days' journey from the camp—with Mr. Gordon, leaving the others in charge of affairs at Msalala.

It was now past mid-December, and the travellers resolved to postpone their departure for Romwa's land until after Christmas. There is probably nothing more pathetic in missionary annals than Hannington's account of the Christmas Day he and his brother missionaries spent on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Gordon was ill in bed; Ashe and Wise were just recovering from a sharp attack of fever, and Hannington himself was very unwell; yet they had a happy celebration of the Holy Communion, and their thoughts were all of their dear ones at home who would, they knew, be praying for them.

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They explained to the natives that the day was a great festival amongst Christians, and gave them a kid, so that they might share in the feast; and they even essayed to make a Christmas pudding. It was hardly such as an epicure would have approved, for the flour was musty and full of dead beetles and their larvæ, the raisins were fermented, and the poor, stodgy mass suffered woefully in the cooking; but for all that, Hannington declared he could not remember ever to have enjoyed a Christmas pudding half so much.

On the first day of the New Year, 1883, a start was made for the land of Romwa. And, indeed, it was imperative that a move should be made, and help obtained; for, owing to the rascality of Raschid, who had robbed the caravan right and left, the camp was bordering on destitution.

Hannington secured a canoe, and obtained the services of some of the canoe men in the employ of Mtesa. These men were under the captaincy of a man named Mzee. Hannington's opinion of him, after much painful experience, was that he was as degraded a ruffian as ever lived. His conduct was exasperating almost beyond endurance; and the climax was reached when, after a few days' journey, Mzee calmly announced that he intended to take the whole party ashore and leave them there, declaring that he had had enough of the journey. Hannington's remonstrances were all unavailing, and at last he asked for his gun. Loading it deliberately he pointed it at Mzee at about a yard distant from his chest, and said "*Now, will you go on?*"

Mzee wisely decided that he would; and on 9th January the party reached Romwa's. His reception of them, after his first friendly offers, was rather dis-

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appointing, for he proved to be rapacious, and he and his people were steeped in superstition. But Hannington only saw in all the degradation of Romwa and his people the great need that existed for Christian missionaries to teach these poor savages the message of the Gospel.

For some time the entire party were detained almost



A DESPERATE INDUCEMENT

"Now, will you go on

*From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch]*

*[by Bishop Hannington]*

as prisoners of state by Romwa, and they were doubtful as to whether he would allow them to proceed. Eventually he consented that Hannington should go on by himself to Uganda on condition that the rest of the party remained behind. To this Hannington agreed, and on 22nd January he started in a canoe with two of his boys. He reached Kagei, where he was welcomed most kindly by the Arab chief, Sayed bin Saif—"the



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white man's friend," and by some French Jesuits who, having recently left Uganda, had much to say that keenly interested him. Romwa had meanwhile, in a favourable mood, consented to the departure of Gordon and Ashe. The former followed after Hannington, and met him at Kagei, while Ashe returned to Msalala, where his chief intended later to come back and join him. Their plan then was to bring the remainder of their goods to Kagei, and thence to proceed to Uganda.

But this plan was never carried out. Hannington's journey back to Msalala was a literal progress of pain. He fought against his weakness and suffering like the hero he was—sometimes walking with his hands tied to his neck to ease the torture caused by every movement of his arms; but when, in the last stage of exhaustion, he reached the shelter of his friend's tent at Msalala, he knew that his heroic effort to reach Uganda had ended in failure, and that he must consent, at least for a time, to leave Africa and give up the work that was dearer than life to him. The bright, buoyant figure, the very sight of which had so often been an inspiration to others, was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man. He confessed that life had become a burden to him, and he hardly expected that he would ever see England again. "Forgive me!" he wrote. "I am a practical failure." But there is such a thing as splendid failure, and if Hannington had not attained the desire of his heart, he had at least failed splendidly; and "forgive" need never be the plea of the man who has done his best.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY

**H**ANNINGTON was back in England on 10th June 1883, and he soon settled down to his old work as though he had never left it. But always in his heart was the hope that some day he would be permitted to return to Africa. In the homeland his health rapidly improved, and he did valiant service up and down the country as a preacher and speaker on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. At the end of a year, to his great joy, Sir Joseph Fayrer, the climatologist, pronounced him fit to return to Africa, with a good prospect of being able to live and labour there for many years.

It was at about this time that the Committee of the Church Missionary Society had under reconsideration a plan for placing the Mission Churches of Eastern Equatorial Africa under the care of a Bishop. This immense tract of territory was rapidly coming under the influence of the gospel, and the increasing number of mission stations needed supervision. The position demanded a man of exceptional ability, and one who combined in himself exactly those characteristics which Hannington possessed in an unusual degree. He seemed to be specially marked out for the work. The matter was put before him, and after much thought and prayer he accepted the responsibility,

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and hailed with thankfulness the prospect of being able to resume his labours in Africa.

He was consecrated on 24th June, 1884, in the Parish Church of Lambeth; and the following four months were spent in organising his new diocese, in collecting funds for the work, and in gathering about him a band of workers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury commissioned him to visit Jerusalem and confirm the churches on his way to Africa; and he left England to commence his new work as Bishop on 5th November. He spent about six weeks in the Holy Land. On 2nd January, 1885, he started from Jaffa—which he described as “a complete sea of oranges”—for Africa. Mombasa was reached on the 24th; and as soon as his arrival became known boats set off from Frere Town—which is divided from the island of Mombasa by a narrow channel about a quarter of a mile in width—and conveyed the Bishop to the mainland. A crowd of about a thousand people had assembled on the shore to greet him; and with firing of guns and blowing of horns they gave him a hearty if rather a noisy welcome.

The Bishop's staff of workers consisted of twelve clergy—priests and deacons—eleven laymen, and four ladies—wives of missionaries. This, for the whole of Central Africa, was a woefully inadequate provision in point of numbers; but the workers were loyal and sincere, and they did what they could with all heartiness and enthusiasm. The Bishop found an excellent Christian organisation in Frere Town; but the church building was altogether unworthy, and he made up his mind that this state of things must be altered. “Be frightened,” he wrote in a letter to Mr. Wigram,

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“and talk about ‘new brooms,’ but we have quite decided to appeal for a new church. Not a tin ark, nor a cocoa-nut barn, but a proper stone church, a church to the glory of God; and so, in spite of famine and other difficulties, let us strike for it now.”

His workers soon felt the force of his influence; and although his authority was insisted upon most gently and kindly, and with consummate tact, it was always *there*. His energy, too, was boundless, and they soon came to regard him as almost ubiquitous. He was here, there, and everywhere, helping, directing, inspiring everybody, and rousing in one and all a hitherto unrealised sense of the importance and urgency of their mission.

The Bishop had not long been at Frere Town when the needs and the difficulties of the work of the Church Missionary Society at Taita—then the most distant mission outpost along the western route—claimed his attention. The station, situated on the mountain Ndara, and distant some two hundred miles from the coast—was in charge of Mr. Wray. He was doing a splendid work; but the little band of learners and workers whom he had gathered round him were in danger, partly through a prolonged famine, and partly from the anger of neighbouring tribes, who were inclined to blame the missionary and his adherents for the scarcity of food.

Supplies had been sent at intervals from Frere Town; but the distance to be traversed, and the fact that the greater part of the journey was across the terrible, waterless desert of Taro, made the work one of great danger and difficulty. Hannington, therefore, resolved that he would place himself at the head of an expedition to Taita, in order to make himself personally



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acquainted with the state of affairs prevailing there, and to devise measures for the protection of Mr. Wray and his gallant little band. By 25th February he was well on the way, with a caravan of porters, and the evening of that day found him at the mission station of Rabai, where news of his coming had preceded him, and where the natives welcomed him with a four hours' carnival of gun-firing, shouting, and dancing. To their great delight he joined in one of the dances—"a kind of puss-in-the-corner-drop-handkerchief," is his description of it.

In return for their hospitable welcome the Bishop gave a great feast, at which he entertained about six hundred guests. An unfortunate incident, which rather marred for him the pleasure of the feast-day, was the detection of his boys in the act of stealing. As a punishment all four of them were tied up to separate posts in sight of the guests. It had been the Bishop's intention to keep them prisoners for the rest of the day, but he relented before the feast was over, and released them. And they rewarded his leniency by stealing his sugar the next morning! He spent one Sunday in this place, and preached to a crowded congregation from the text, "What must I do to be saved?"

Nearly a week he remained at Rabai, and then the caravan started on the really arduous part of the journey. The party mustered about a hundred in all, as they had to carry with them a month's food for the starving Wa-Taita, in addition to their own goods. The heat was overpowering, and the fatigue of marching in the scorching sun was at times almost unbearable.

The Bishop was accompanied by Mr. Handford, who had had charge of the church at Frere Town; and his knowledge of the natives and their ways proved very

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useful. Episcopal dignity was at a discount on this journey across the desert. Gaiters, shovel-hat, and apron were all laid aside; and at the first camping-ground Hannington was as busy as—perhaps busier than!—any of his porters; rushing about for fire-wood, lighting the fire, putting up his own tent, fixing his bed—"a mysterious puzzle which entirely defies an African head," he found; and finally retiring to his well-earned rest at eleven o'clock.

The rest was not of long duration. In order to take advantage of the comparative coolness of the very early morning hours, everyone was roused at two o'clock, and by four o'clock the caravan was again on the move. During the heat of the day they were obliged to halt; and some idea of what that heat must have been may be gathered from the fact that in what Hannington called "the cool of the evening" his thermometer registered 100° Fahrenheit.

At seven o'clock the next morning they reached Taro—a beautiful spot—an oasis in the desert, with plenty of water, "if," as Hannington observed, "you don't mind toads and tadpoles, and such like denizens of stagnant pools." At this place the party rescued eight slaves—a woman and seven children—from a gang of Swahilis, who had run away as soon as some of the Bishop's porters raised the alarm, leaving their slaves behind in the bush. The Bishop took part in the chase, in shirt-sleeves and slippers, but as his slippers kept coming off, Handford soon outdistanced him. The poor slaves were sent, in charge of some of the men, to the coast, where the Consul freed them, but all except one succumbed to the cruel treatment they had received.

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Another day's march brought them to the dreaded Taro desert, the waterless waste which stretches almost as far as Taita. It is a dreary, silent wilderness, covered with a dense growth of thorn bushes which afford no shelter from the terrible heat, and which tear the clothing and the flesh of the unfortunate traveller at almost every step. The discomfort of a two hundred mile journey through such a veritable land of death can hardly be imagined. "The sun literally seemed to bake one through," said the Bishop; and in recounting the hardships of African travel, he remarked: "How little we appreciate our comforts at home—the blessing of a wash, for instance. No water means almost no wash. Being an old traveller I meet the difficulty by filling my sponge before starting, and tying it tightly in its bag. If we have two days without water, the first day I have what a school-boy would call a 'lick and a promise'; then the second day I wring out the water and get quite a brave wash, the water afterwards coming in for the dog and the donkey."

Another night's march, and the caravan reached the foot of Mount Ndara; and a hard climb of two thousand five hundred feet over a steep, rugged road brought them at last to the mission station of Taita, where they found Mr. Wray in a state of semi-siege. The Wa-Kamba had attacked and burned villages in sight of him, and for two days he and his people had been on guard. He was greatly relieved at the arrival of the Bishop with the much-needed food. The situation was so desperate that Hannington decided the station must be abandoned. Arrangements were therefore made for the few families residing at Taita to be received at

## The Second Missionary Journey

Rabai, and Mr. Wray accompanied the Bishop on a further expedition beyond Taita.

On 12th February, Hannington had his first view of the mighty mountain, Kilimandjaro. The sight, which must have been a magnificent one, impressed him greatly, and he thus described it: "As we topped a rise, suddenly before our astonished gaze flashed Kilimandjaro in all his glory! How lovely the great mountain looked—all radiant with the rays of the rising sun. We had, by the best fortune, arrived at this point of vantage just at the hour of sunrise, when the vast silver dome for a short time shakes aside the mist wreaths which during the rest of the day so frequently enswathe his snow-crowned summit. . . . The sight was so surpassingly beautiful that it called forth long and loud exclamations from the stolid Africans around us, many of whom were well acquainted with the snow-giant. That an African should exclaim, or even take note of any natural scenes, however grand, is something quite uncommon; but now, all, black and white alike, were in ecstasy at the magnificence and beauty of the sight. We at once called a halt, and as long as time permitted, we feasted our eyes on snow under the burning sun of Africa."

Soon the caravan was on the march again; and the travellers met with many striking incidents and some amusing experiences as they went forward. At the village of Burra they passed a foot-track which led in the wrong direction, and Hannington, according to his custom in such a case, drew a line across it with his stick, as an indication to those who were following him not to go that way. A woman of the village happened to be standing on the path when Hannington did this, and she was seized with a paroxysm of terror.



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She believed he had bewitched her, and at once she began to give vent to the most fearful shrieks, and shouted for some one to come and kill him. Her shrill cries resounded on all sides, and nothing the Bishop could say or do by way of trying to pacify her had any effect ; so, not knowing what might come of the matter if her friends arrived on the scene, he hurried away, and left her screaming and shouting after him.

The caravan was now on the verge of the vast plain which stretches between Taita and Taveta. Hannington had been warned that his party might be without water for at least two days on this plain, so he prepared for the worst. The plain abounds in game of all kinds—zebra, hartebeest, eland, giraffe, and other wild creatures were to be seen on every hand ; and their presence gave an interest to the journey, which made the way seem short, and helped the travellers to forget their weariness and thirst. They were at such an altitude, too, that the air was much cooler—at night it was even cold.

At one place the party came upon a fire, round which a group of starving people was seated. They had come from Taita, and were endeavouring to struggle on to the more fertile districts that surround Kilimandjaro. They were positively destitute, and had already abandoned one woman and child. The mother was dead, but Hannington enabled them to save the child by giving them food, and encouraging them to go back and search for the infant.

The approach to Taveta was through a magnificent forest, honeycombed with luxuriant growths of maize, Indian corn, and banana trees. The caravan crept along noiselessly, fearing lest the inhabitants of the village should hear them and shut the gates against



BEWITCHED BY THE BISHOP !

A native woman's terror of the Bishop's harmless, necessary stick !

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them until *hongo* had been paid. But they found after all that their fear was groundless. The village was open to them ; confidence in the white man had already been fully established, and the people received them in the most friendly manner.

Hannington described the villagers as peculiarly gentle and attractive in manner and conversation. The locality, however, is very unhealthy for Europeans, by reason of the poisonous vapours which the rich, black vegetable soil exudes during the rainy season. For this reason, the Bishop was uncommonly glad to get away from the place, notwithstanding its many natural beauties ; and although his stay lasted only three days, he was long enough there to receive what he called a "loud warning" of fever. During his brief visit he made a thorough inspection of the place, with a view to future missionary work there.

The highland district on the southern and eastern spurs of Kilimandjaro is known as Chagga. The chief of the most powerful of the tribes inhabiting this district was Mandara, and with him Hannington had some interesting experiences. As the caravan approached Moschi, Mandara's capital, messengers arrived, bringing an ox as a present from the king ; and the Bishop's party fired the royal salute with which the potentate expected all his visitors to greet him. This was answered by a salvo from his two cannon ; and although it was quite dark when the expedition made its entry into Moschi, the Bishop was, much to his surprise, at once ushered into the presence of the king. He was agreeably impressed with his kindness and intelligence ; and although the interview was a brief one, it was very satisfactory.



## The Second Missionary Journey

The next morning, at dawn, Mandara, attired in a red robe, returned Hannington's visit. He was accompanied by a bodyguard of twenty warriors, fine, athletic young men, looking very fierce and formidable. Mandara was presented with a box and uniform, which greatly delighted him; and when, after breakfast, Hannington called upon him, he offered his guest a goat and a cow. This interchange of visits and presents having been satisfactorily accomplished, Hannington unfolded the real purpose of his visit—the establishment of a Mission Station in Mandara's country. Throughout his travels Hannington never forgot that his great object was the establishment of a chain of mission stations westward to the Lake; and all his efforts were made with that one end in view.

Mandara was not averse to Christian teaching for his people. Like almost every other African chief whom Hannington met, he would have preferred guns and gunpowder; but failing these, he considered the next best thing would be a white teacher to live in the land.

Having completed his business with Mandara, and satisfied himself that any missionaries who might subsequently be sent to Chagga would be favourably received by this friendly chief, Hannington found that before leaving Moschi he had a day to spare which he might legitimately devote to an exploration of Kilimandjaro, with a view to collecting as much of its fauna and flora as he could in that brief time. So, with three of his boys, he started soon after dawn.

It was, unfortunately, a day of mist and rain; but he persevered; and until he reached an altitude of some five thousand feet he made fairly good progress. After this, however, the Bishop and his boys entered



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an almost impenetrable forest, and here they soon found themselves in difficulties. To add to their troubles, a drenching rain set in, and Hannington had not proceeded far when he fell with a crash into an elephant pit. Fortunately he was not hurt ; but his boys became panic-stricken. The situation certainly was serious. To be hopelessly lost in the deep gloom and intense stillness of an African forest is an experience sufficiently alarming to terrify the boldest. The Bishop confessed that he never felt more bewildered ; but he did his best to encourage the boys ; and presently one of them found, amid the maze of animal footprints, traces of the steps of human feet. These they followed ; and the track brought them back to the right way, and they reached home at last, tired out and drenched with the rain. Some idea of the Bishop's condition may be gathered from the fact that on the way home he waded through a stream almost up to his neck without getting any wetter. He managed to secure a great number of mosses and plants ; but unfortunately many of them were spoilt by the rain.

Mandara maintained his princely bearing and his gentlemanly demeanour to the end of Hannington's visit ; and the Bishop considered that a Mission Station might be successfully established at Moschi. " May God give Chagga to His Son ! " was his prayer as he left that neighbourhood of beautiful hills and valleys.

After leaving Mandara, Hannington began the descent of the mountain, returning to Taveta by way of Fumba's country, where his stay was marked by a curious and not too pleasant ceremonial. The chief's father arrived in the camp, bringing with him a sheep. Hannington and the old man had first to spit on its

## The Second Missionary Journey

head, and then it was killed. Next some strips of skin were cut off and made into rings, one of which was put on Hannington's finger, while he placed one on a finger of one of the chief's party. Then the liver of the sheep was examined; and finally Bishop and chief were freely splashed with the entrails, and the ceremony which made them brothers was completed.

Having established himself on this friendly footing with the chief, Hannington began to converse with him; but their conversation was of no particular interest. It resolved itself into the endlessly repeated request for gifts which becomes so wearisome and monotonous in the intercourse of Europeans with Africans.

The journey down the mountain was difficult and trying. Rain fell in torrents; and one night the Bishop's tent-carriers lost their way. For an hour after reaching the camping place the Bishop stood in the drenching rain waiting for his tent, which never arrived; and in the end he had to spend the night in the open in his wet clothes, and with nothing but a blanket between him and the wet ground. For the sake of warmth, and in order if possible to avoid taking a chill he made two of his boys lie one on each side of him; and there, huddled together as close as possible, they lay till morning.

At daybreak they were aroused, and their chilled bodies effectually warmed, by a shrill war-cry, which heralded the approach of a large body of armed men who sprang from the bushes and bore down upon them. It was a critical moment. The least false move on the part of the Bishop's men would probably have led to a general massacre, but he managed to restrain them, and ran forward alone and unarmed to meet the warriors.

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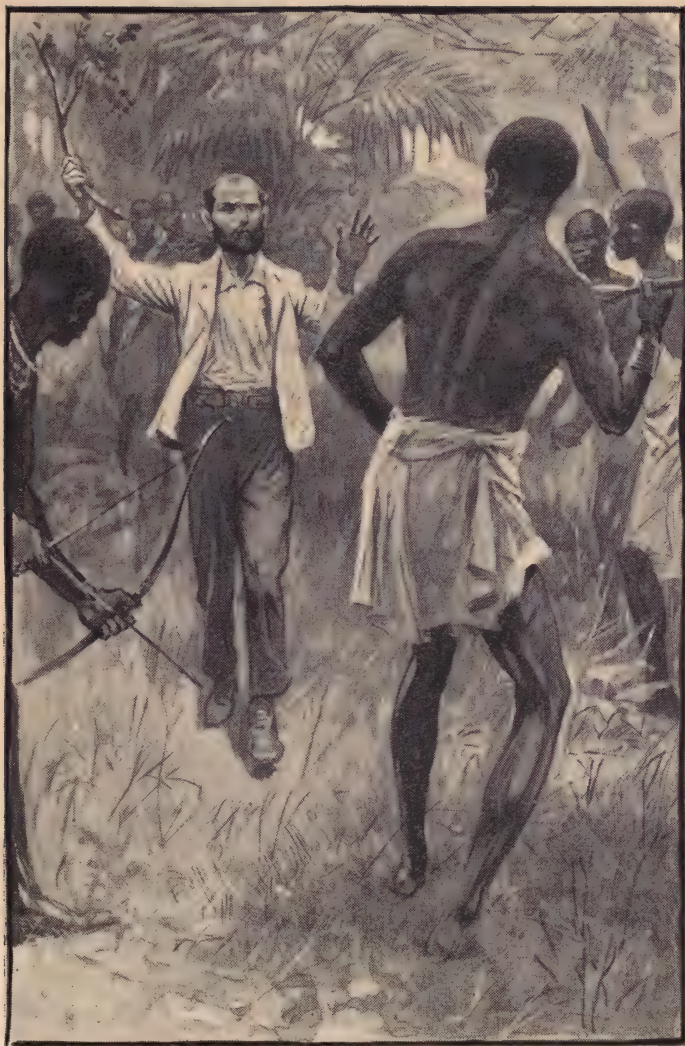
Picking up a branch as he ran, he waved it as a signal of peace, and shouted, "*Jambo!* Good-morning! Do you want to kill a white man?" At this they suddenly halted, and replied, "No, we don't; but we thought you were Masai." The explanation of the exciting incident was quite simple. The attacking party, having heard the Bishop's men talking during the night, thought that a group of their old enemy, the thieving, murdering Masai, were about to descend upon them, and they had arranged to take them by surprise and kill them all!

After another long and exhausting tramp through terrible rain, the Bishop brought his caravan in safety to Taveta. Thence they moved on as quickly as possible to Taita, and made arrangements to take the starving natives on with them to Rabai. Here the Bishop left the poor, famished Wa-Taita in good hands, to be fed and cared for; and himself, without stopping, went straight through to Frere Town.

So ended Bishop Hannington's first great missionary journey in his vast diocese. Enough has been set down in these pages to show that this tramp of something like five hundred miles had not been accomplished without considerable risk, and a great deal of personal discomfort and actual suffering; but all this was forgotten in the joy of success. "I have to praise God," the Bishop wrote, "for one of the most successful journeys, as a journey, that I ever took. . . . May its result be the planting of the Cross of Christ on Kilimandjaro."

The result for which the Bishop prayed was achieved later; but there was another hope in his mind. The goal of all his ambitions was Uganda; and he had a great longing to mark out a new and more





A CRITICAL MOMENT

How the Bishop's bravery averted a general massacre



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practicable route to that country than that which he had attempted two years previously, and which had so nearly cost him his life.

The fierce and lawless Masai appeared to be the only serious difficulty; but this had been overcome by others, and why need he fail where others had succeeded? Caravans were already being taken regularly by native traders through the heart of the Masai country; and Hannington felt confident that, although the difficulties in the way were great, he could surmount them all, and ultimately establish a series of Mission Stations which should extend from Mombasa, through Taita or Chagga, by Lakes Naivasha and Baringo to Uganda.

It all seemed perfectly feasible, though admittedly a difficult task; but in all his thought about it one great factor was overlooked. The Bishop had no knowledge of the suspicion and fear with which all strangers from the north-east were regarded by the people of Uganda. It was, alas! an ignorance which was to bear tragic consequences.

## CHAPTER X

### THE GOAL IN VIEW

HAVING made up his mind to attempt the heroic task of opening a road to Uganda through the midst of the Masai country, the Bishop lost no time in commencing his preparations for the great journey. The preliminaries occupied about three weeks; and a very worrying and harassing interval this must have been. Not only had the Bishop to gather about two hundred porters, but he had to overcome their fear of the Masai, whom they regarded with extreme dread.

He decided that he would not allow any white man to accompany him. He knew something of the risk of the undertaking, and he did not wish to involve any of his friends in the troubles and dangers that might await him; so he unselfishly resolved to forego the comfort and help that a friend of his own nationality might have given him, and went forth with none but native helpers about him. Chief of these was Mr. Jones, a newly ordained native clergyman, who proved most useful, relieving him of many small responsibilities.

The journey was commenced on Thursday, 23rd July, 1885, when the Bishop led the way out of Rabai with his caravan of two hundred souls, and began his march towards the far north-west. The burning desert of Taro was safely passed, and when Taita was reached, the caravan branched off northwards, and turned their

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faces towards the dreaded Masai-land. They had now left the beaten track, and had to find their way through a vast country, covered with thick jungle, and destitute of roads. The compass was their only guide, and they went forward in as straight a line as possible.

The perils of the way were many. Starvation, and desertion, and treachery on the part of the porters were only a few of the dangers that had to be faced. But the greatest danger of all was lack of food. The district through which they were passing had recently been in the grip of famine; and to find daily food for two hundred men in a country where great tracts had been deserted by the natives through fear of starvation was a constant anxiety. But the Bishop would not allow even this responsibility to daunt him, though he recognised the gravity of it. "If this is God's time for opening up this road," he said, "*we shall open it up.*" Truly he was a man of marvellous faith, as well as invincible courage.

Personal discomforts soon became everyday matters, but as was his habit, the Bishop laughed at them even when they were of a kind that would have vexed and irritated most men almost beyond endurance. At one point of the journey his watch went wrong; candles and lamp-oil were forgotten and left behind, and all the illumination he had at night was the light from the camp-fire; then his donkey died, so that he was compelled to walk every step of the way. Commenting on these annoyances he said, "Well! Having no watch, I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candle, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to

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what the men can do ; for many marches depend upon my saying, ' We will stop here and rest, or sleep.' ”

The letter from which the words above are quoted was the last the Bishop wrote. Nothing more was heard of him until the telegram received from Zanzibar on New Year's Day, 1886, which prepared his friends for the subsequent news of his death. The telegram stated that the Bishop had been seized by order of the king, within two days' march of Uganda ; and its last sentence conveyed the dread news that “ the latest report is that the king has given secret orders to have the Bishop executed.”

Fortunately Mr. Jones had kept a journal during the expedition, and had entered in it careful notes of each day's doings ; and Hannington's own tiny diary, with his own full comments, was recovered by a Christian lad at Rubaga, who bought it from one of the men who murdered him. From these two sources it has been possible to compile a complete record of all that happened during the last few days of the Bishop's life ; and the following incidents have been gleaned from these two sources.

When the caravan had been about three weeks on the way, a serious mishap occurred. The boy who carried the medicine chest was missing ! Had he disappeared a week or two earlier it would naturally have been thought that he had deserted and returned to the coast, as many of the porters try to do soon after starting on a long journey. But the boy could hardly have done this ; and, as much for his own sake as for the sake of the valuable and almost indispensable load that he carried, a diligent search was made for him. He was never found, however, although the Bishop



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offered a big reward for his recovery, and the caravan had to proceed without him.

At various stages of the journey the natives proved exceedingly troublesome and unreasonable in their demands for *hongo*; but they usually found the Bishop more than a match for them, and proof against all their efforts to intimidate him. On one occasion, when camping at the foot of the Nzawi hill, by the River Chamela, the people demanded more *hongo* than the Bishop considered they had any right to expect. He offered them three doti of cloth, which they accepted merely as an instalment, and then impudently asked for more. Instead of complying with their request, the Bishop, no doubt to their great amazement, immediately ordered the *hongo* to be taken from them, and then walked away to his tent. This treatment was so entirely different from the deference and almost eager compliance with which their demands were usually met by passing caravans, that they hardly knew what to make of it; but when they realised that the Bishop was not to be frightened into submission to their unjust demands, they sent for the interpreter, begging him to tell his master not to be angry, and to return the three doti to them—which he did.

On a similar occasion, at a later stage of the journey, the Bishop, rather than submit to the imposition of the natives, moved on into the jungle, taking the *hongo* with him. In his surprise and bewilderment, one who had been most insistent in his demands turned to Mr. Jones and explained that he had been "only making fun." Mr. Jones retorted that the Bishop had been doing likewise; and the difficulty was then quickly overcome by the payment of a moderate amount.

## The Goal in View

The necessity for showing a firm front to these greedy savages, and steadily resisting their unreasonable demands arose very frequently, and sometimes under circumstances which would have caused a weak leader to give way almost without protest. A mob of armed men one day descended on the caravan with a demand for gifts, and threatened that they would fight unless presents were at once forthcoming. The Bishop simply ignored them and ordered the caravan to proceed; but their attitude became so menacing that the interpreter strongly urged submission; otherwise he feared the whole caravan would be massacred.

The porters evidently feared this, too, and the native who carried the Union Jack was so terrified that he trembled as he walked. Up to this point the Bishop had kept out of sight; but now, seeing that his personal intervention was necessary in order to put an end to an unpleasant incident, he made his appearance. The effect on the bold band of would-be despoilers was electrical and ludicrous. Mr. Jones said that at the mere sight of him they gave way "like a cloud before the wind." They were all amazed to see him, for many of them had never seen a white man before. They stood thunderstruck and gazing at him. The Bishop made his way through the crowd, and many of them resisted him with all their might; but he walked rapidly on, quite regardless of their yellings and ferocious cries. Twice they barred our way with a human fence, and twice we passed through them, to their great astonishment. The Bishop all this time was quite calm, and only smiled at all their gestures and menaces. At last we came to a stream which divided one district from another. They refused to let

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us pass, but the Bishop went straight ahead, and was followed by all the caravan."

The sequel to the incident is significant. The very men who had caused all the trouble and made themselves so objectionable came later the same day to the camp, and in the most friendly and peaceable manner offered their goods for sale.

When two hundred hungry men have subsisted for days together on Indian corn, they hail with keen delight the prospect of a meal of fresh meat; and there was naturally great excitement in the Bishop's caravan when, after marching for three days towards Ngongo-a-Bagas, across a vast plain where no food is obtainable, a rhinoceros was sighted. The Bishop and Mr. Jones at once decided to stalk him. It is a peculiarity of this monster of the African jungle that although he has extraordinarily keen scent, he has very short sight. So, by keeping behind and to windward, they managed to approach to within about twenty yards of him. Then a whiff of their scent seemed to reach him, for with a terrific snort he bounded round. The Bishop leaped to his feet and fired, but the bullet made no impression on the tough hide of the creature, which calmly made off; and after a short chase the disappointed hunters were obliged to return to camp without the rhinoceros steak which they had hoped to secure.

Ngongo-a-Bagas is situated on the edge of a dense forest inhabited by a fierce and treacherous tribe, known as the Wa-Kikuyu. These people dwell in remote fastnesses of the forest; and from their safe vantage ground they shoot poisoned arrows at any strangers who venture near them. Yet it is from these people that food must be procured to replenish



AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE MONSTERS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

*[From a Painting by Bishop Hamington]*



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the empty larders of the caravans that travel that way, for the plain yields nothing; and so shy as well as fierce are they that a caravan is sometimes reduced to the verge of starvation before they can be induced to come out of the forest and sell food.

This was what happened to the Bishop's caravan; and the camp resounded with the cries of men made desperate through hunger. The Bishop did his utmost to persuade the natives that his intentions were friendly and honourable, but they had been so often deceived in the past by the Swahili traders, who, on the pretext of barter had caught them and made slaves of them, that he could not induce them to believe in his honesty of purpose; and it was only after some days of delay, and much difficult negotiation, that he was able to persuade them to part with a few sweet potatoes, and so avert what threatened to be a real disaster.

For many days the Bishop was only able to buy sufficient food for the immediate needs of his men; and it was long before he succeeded in accumulating enough to make it prudent or indeed possible to continue the journey. At last, however, this was accomplished; but it had taken a fortnight of anxious and arduous work to complete the task. And even then the Wa-Kikuyu would not allow the travellers to depart peacefully; for while the caravan was making its way down a deep defile they swarmed out of the brushwood on either side and tried to cut off the sick, who were being carried in the rear. The noise of the attacking party fortunately reached the ears of the Bishop, who was at the head of the column, and he rushed back in time to quell the disturbance and prevent the

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flight of his men. But a volley from the shot guns of some of his followers was necessary before the troublesome Wa-Kikuyu were finally dispersed.

The only explanation of their behaviour is that they were so accustomed to the harshness and cruelty of the slave-dealing Arabs who sometimes raided them, that they regarded all travellers as their natural enemies and treated them accordingly. It was a disappointing ending to a very unpleasant episode. The Bishop had greatly desired to prove to these poor, ignorant savages that the word of a Christian may be trusted implicitly, and it was a grief to him that he had failed to convince them of this.

But the troubles of the travellers in their journey across the great plain were not yet over. They had nearly reached the end of it when they sighted a fine tree, towards which the men joyfully hastened, in order to rest beneath its shadow. Alas! they had hardly sat down when an enemy worse even than the Wa-Kikuyu descended upon them; for they were suddenly attacked by an immense swarm of bees. The men ran for their lives, many of them dropping their loads as they ran. Their naked bodies were covered with the furious insects, which stung them till they cried like children. The Bishop, covering himself with a mosquito net, went back to try to recover some of the discarded loads, and in this he was successful; but in spite of all precautions he was stung severely; while Mr. Jones received such injuries that he was almost blind for two days.

Until now the travellers had seen nothing of the dreaded Masai warriors; but as they approached Lake Naivasha they found traces of these fierce savages

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from which they concluded that they could not be far away; and a day or two later they encountered them. As soon as the Bishop's caravan had encamped, the young warriors of the tribe came forward, and, with the insolence usual to them, asked for presents. Their demands were extortionate, but remonstrance was useless; and when the Bishop tried to resist them they brandished their spears and threatened to kill the whole caravan.

Exasperating as was their cupidity, their curiosity was almost worse. They insisted on seeing everything, and handling everything; and as it is their custom to anoint themselves freely with oil and daub their bodies liberally with red earth it may be imagined that their interest in the Bishop's goods and in his person had results which were anything but desirable. They tormented him mercilessly—stroking his hair, pulling his beard, feeling his cheeks, and even trying on some of his clothes. They had no idea, however, that their attentions were offensive, and as a matter of fact they greatly admired him, calling him "*Lumuruo Kito!*" which being interpreted means "A very great old man!"

One day amongst these people was more than enough. When night came every man in the caravan was thoroughly tired out, and early next morning the camp was broken up and the caravan resumed its journey northward. The Bishop's experience with the Masai had been very trying, but on the whole it was not so dreadful as he had been led to expect, and he considered himself fortunate in getting away from them so easily.

The Bishop declared that his nerves were quite



A TRYING TIME WITH INQUISITIVE NATIVES

[From Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Bishop Hannington]



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unstrung after his adventures with the Masai ; but at any rate he had sufficient nerve and energy left to indulge in an exciting elephant hunt. He charged a herd of these creatures in the hope of being able to provide the hungry caravan with a supply of fresh meat. In return, a cow elephant promptly charged him ; and while he was engaged with the elephants, two rhinoceroses, which he did not see, came along from another direction, straight towards him. Mr. Jones, standing on a high precipice overlooking the scene of the conflict, shouted to the Bishop to beware of the fresh danger that menaced him. But he was too fully occupied to heed the warnings ; and so the extraordinary spectacle was seen of the Bishop volleying the elephant, the elephant chasing the rhinoceroses, and the caravan men dashing down their loads and scattering in every direction before the great beasts. The excitement was soon over, however. The Bishop secured his elephant, to the great joy of the men, who hurried to the scene with their knives, and quickly cut the great beast in pieces. Some of the men ate the flesh raw, while others made great fires and sat round to enjoy their feast.

After this adventure the party lost their way, and wandered about for two days before they discovered their whereabouts. The Bishop's trust in God's guiding hand led him to say of this incident, "I seem to see now why we lost our way. We have been enabled to spend Sunday here in a beautiful spot, free from natives, and in peace and quiet ; otherwise we should have been in Njemps in the thick of worry and bustle. We had our two pleasant services, and the day passed in the most absolute rest and peace. I lay stretched

## The Goal in View

on my back in quiet contemplation and sweet dreams of dear ones at home, and often longing, often wondering whether I shall be permitted to see them." Alas! he was destined never to see them in this life again.

The next day the Bishop entered the village of Njemps, and thence the caravan moved on towards the almost unknown country of Kavirondo. All that they knew of it was that it was highly dangerous for strangers to traverse; but retreat now was impossible, and the men of the caravan fully realised that their only safety lay in pushing forward to Victoria Nyanza and thence to Uganda.

Hard work and tiring marches were now the order of the day. The Bishop did not spare himself, though often very fatigued. "As a sign how tired one can be," he wrote, "on Friday last when going to bed I took a bite from a biscuit, and fell asleep with the first mouthful still in my mouth, and the rest in my hand."

Much of the country traversed was now very beautiful, and the Bishop would, doubtless, have enjoyed this part of the journey if he had had leisure to do so. But the natives of the country, which is thickly populated, proved very troublesome; and their insistent demands for *hongo* were a continual worry. But at last the long and difficult journey was almost ended—to the Bishop's great joy.

From Kavirondo onwards the country was entirely unknown; and the Bishop resolved to leave Mr. Jones with the greater part of the caravan at a village called Kwa Sundu, and proceed to the Lake alone with fifty men. So on 12th October, 1885, he parted—for ever as it proved—from his faithful and devoted chaplain, and went on alone into the unknown. Thirteen days

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passed without news of the Bishop, and Mr. Jones became exceedingly anxious, both for the safety of his friend and for the caravan left in his charge.

Vague rumours of disaster at length began to reach Mr. Jones, and on 8th November two natives arrived with a story of having met three of Hannington's men, who told them the Bishop and all his followers except themselves had been killed. After a time the three refugees reached the camp. Mr. Jones questioned them closely, and although their narratives differed somewhat in detail, they all agreed that the Bishop was dead. But they could give no satisfactory account of the manner of their own escape, and Mr. Jones therefore declared that their report was false; that they had wickedly deserted the Bishop; and he told the members of the caravan to inform the villagers that the rumour of the Bishop's death was untrue. Yet he was greatly distressed. "Can it be true," he asked himself, "that the Bishop is killed?"

## CHAPTER XI

### THE STORY OF THE MARTYRDOM

IT is necessary, in order properly to understand what had happened, to know something of the events that had transpired in Uganda since Bishop Hannington's previous visit to the lake in 1882.

King Mtesa, the enlightened and friendly chief who had first invited the missionaries to visit his country, and who was far-seeing enough to appreciate the good that would result from their settlement amongst his people, was dead. He had been succeeded by his son, Mwanga, a lad of eighteen. The new chief had received instruction from Church Missionary Society missionaries, and also from Roman Catholic priests; but it had made little impression on him, and he showed himself cowardly, weak, and passionate. Moreover, like all cowardly people, he was cruel; and he was dominated by the prevailing vice of the African—greed.

He hated all Europeans, and this hatred was born of fear, which sprang from quite intelligible causes. News had reached him that the Germans were annexing large tracts of African territory; and although their operations were carried out at some considerable distance from Uganda, he was convinced that eventually his country also must come under the rule of the hated European, unless he took energetic measures to avert



## James Hannington

such a catastrophe. For reasons which we have already explained (see page 74) the Arabs encouraged this conviction; and Mwanga was advised to kill all the missionaries, who, the people about his court assured him, were certain forerunners of invasion.

The vindictive and cruel young chief decided to adopt this policy; and, as a preliminary, commenced a fiendish persecution of those of his own people who had adopted Christianity. Three boys, servants of the Mission, were tortured with knives and then slowly burned to death. But these brave young martyrs bore their terrible sufferings with such fortitude that one of their executioners, impressed with their dauntless heroism, came afterwards secretly to the Mission and asked that he, too, might be taught to pray.

This martyrdom was followed by many others; but although Mwanga threatened to burn alive any of his subjects who were found in communication with the missionaries, and although he actually did on one occasion seize thirty-two converts and burn them in a heap on one great funeral pyre, still there were many who, for Christ's sake, defied him and continued to serve the Lord whom they had learnt to love.

And it was thither, towards what was virtually a death-trap, and in complete ignorance of the state of the country and the temper of its new ruler with regard to all Christians, that Bishop Hannington was steadily journeying. His belief was that once he had crossed the Nile his troubles would be at an end; that he would find Mwanga as friendly and kind as Mtesa had been. There was no one to warn him that all who attempted to enter Uganda from the east were considered by Mwanga to be in league with the Germans,

## The Story of the Martyrdom

who were acquiring land on the coast, and that in thus entering he was walking to his doom.

News of the Bishop's approach was conveyed to Mwanga, and he at once called his chiefs together in council. The advice of the chiefs varied. The most merciful of them urged that the white man should be seized and sent round to the south of the Lake; but the nervous and the vindictive insisted that the Europeans were all conspiring to wrest their country from them, and that every white man in Uganda should be put to death. After much argument it was decided secretly that the Bishop should be killed, although publicly it was stated that he would merely be apprehended and sent back.

Mr. Mackay and Mr. Ashe who, as already explained, were at this time working in Uganda, learned all the news of the Court through the Christian boys, and they were in deepest distress when they heard of the fate that awaited the Bishop. They tried to see Mwanga and intercede for their friend; but the courtiers, doubtless fearing the influence of the missionaries over their vacillating ruler, refused to let them see him. So they could do nothing but await events in sorrowful helplessness.

Meanwhile the Bishop was rapidly drawing nearer; and here we resume the story at the point where we left him bidding farewell to Mr. Jones at Kwa Sundu, and entering alone upon the last stage of the journey that was to have so tragic an ending.

When the Bishop left Kwa Sundu he was suffering from an abscess in the leg, which gave him considerable pain; but in spite of all Mr. Jones' entreaties he would not delay his journey, and on 12th October he started with his company of fifty picked men, on the

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journey which ended in the tragedy of his death. No white man ever saw him again; but the story of the last few days of his brave and splendid life is recorded in his own journal, which was unexpectedly recovered after his death.

During the first eight days of his journey the Bishop walked about two hundred miles; and it was after this interval that serious trouble began. From this point we will quote from the Bishop's diary, and let him tell in his own words of the events that led to his death.

*"20th October.*—I fear we have arrived in a troublesome country. We have, however, made fine progress to-day, and almost all in the right direction that should bring us to the Nile, near about the Ripon Falls, and I don't think I am much out of my reckoning. Here, at least, we seem to have peace for a night.

*"21st October, Wednesday.*—About half an hour brought us to Lubwa's. His first demand, in a most insolent tone, was for ten guns and three barrels of powder. This, of course, I refused, and when the same demands were made I jumped up and said, 'I go back the way I came.' Meantime the war drums beat. More than a thousand soldiers were assembled. My men implored me not to move, but, laughing at them, I pushed them and the loads through the crowd and turned back. Then came an imploring message that I would stay but for a short time. I refused to hear till several messages had arrived; then, thinking things were turning my way, I consented, said I would give a small present, and pass. My present was returned, and a demand made that I would stay one day; to this I consented, because I fancy this man can send me on in canoes direct to Mwanga's capital, and

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save a week's march. Presently seven guns were stolen from us; at this I pretended to rejoice exceedingly, since I should demand restoration, not from these men, but from Mwanga. A soldier was placed to guard me in my tent, and follow me if I moved an inch. I climbed a neighbouring hill, and to my joy saw a splendid view of the Nile, only about half an hour's distance, the country being beautiful; deep creeks of the Lake visible to the south. I presently asked leave to go to the Nile. This was denied me. I afterwards asked my headman, Brahim, to come with me to the point close at hand whence I had seen the Nile, as our men had begun to doubt its existence; several followed up, and one, pretending to show me another view, led me farther away, when suddenly about twenty ruffians set upon us. They violently threw me to the ground, and proceeded to strip me of all valuables. Thinking they were robbers I shouted for help, when they forced me up and hurried me away, as I thought, to throw me down a precipice close at hand. I shouted again in spite of one threatening to kill me with a club. Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone.' Then another struggle and I got to my feet, and was then dashed along. More than once I was violently brought into contact with banana trees, some trying in their haste to force me one way, others the other, and the exertion and struggling strained me in the most agonizing manner. In spite of all, and feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at



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the very agony of my situation. My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed ; wet through with being dragged along the ground ; strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. Now, I thought, I am to be murdered. As they released one hand I drew my finger across my throat, and understood them to say decidedly 'No.' We then made out that I had been seized by order of the Sultan. Then arose a new agony. Were all my men murdered? Another two or three hours' awful suspense, during which time I was kept bound and shivering with cold, when to my joy, Pinto (the Portuguese cook) and a boy were brought with my bed and bedding, and I learnt that the Sultan meant to keep me prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga, which means, I fear, a week or more's delay ; nor can I tell whether they are speaking the truth. I am in God's hands.

"22nd October, Thursday.—I found myself, perhaps about ten o'clock last night, on my bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation, a fire on the hearth, no chimney for smoke, about twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin *ad lib.* ; fearfully shaken, strained in every limb, great pain, and consumed with thirst, I got little sleep that night. Pinto may cook my food, and I have been allowed to have my Bible and writing things also. I hear the men are in close confinement, but safe, and the loads, except a few small things, intact. Up to one o'clock I have received no news whatever, and I fear at least a week in this black hole, in which I can barely see to write. Floor covered with rotting banana peel, and leaves, and lice ;

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a smoking fire, at which my guards cook and drink pombe; in a feverish district; fearfully shaken, scarce power to hold up small Bible. Shall I live through it? My God, I am Thine.

“Towards evening I was allowed to sit outside for a little time, and enjoyed the fresh air; but it made matters worse when I went inside my prison again, and as I fell exhausted on my bed I burst into tears—health seems to be quite giving way with the shock. I fear I am in a very caged-lion frame of mind, and yet so strained and shattered that it is with the utmost difficulty I can stand; yet I ought to be praising His Holy Name, and I do.

“Not allowed a knife to eat my food with. The savages who guard me keep up an unceasing strain of raillery, or at least I fancy they do, about the Mzungu.

“*23rd October, Friday.*—I woke full of pain, and weak, so that with the utmost difficulty I crawled outside and sat in a chair, and yet they guard every move as if I was a giant. My nerves, too, have received such a shock that some loud yells and war cries arising outside the prison-fence I expected to be murdered, and simply turned over and said: ‘Let the Lord do as He sees fit; I shall not make the slightest resistance.’ Seeing how bad I am, they have sent my tent for me to use in the daytime. Going outside I fell to the ground exhausted, and was helped back in a gone condition to my bed. I don’t see how I can stand all this, and yet I don’t want to give in, but it almost seems as if Uganda itself was going to be forbidden ground to me—the Lord only knows.

“Afternoon.—To my surprise my guards came kneeling down, so different to their usual treatment, and

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asked me to come out. I came out, and there was the chief and about a hundred of his wives come to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity. I felt inclined to spring at his throat, but sat still, and presently read to myself Matthew v. 44, 45, and felt refreshed. I asked how many more days he meant to keep me in prison. He said four more at least. He agreed, upon my earnest request, to allow me to sleep in my own tent, with two armed soldiers at each door. The object of his visit was to ask that I would say no bad things of him to Mwanga. What can I say good? I made no answer to the twice repeated request. He then said if I would write a short letter, and promise to say nothing bad, he would send it at once. I immediately wrote a hasty scrawl (I scarce know what), but said I was prisoner, and asked Mackay to come. God grant it may reach. But I already feel better than I have done since my capture, though still very shattered.

*"24th October, Saturday.*—Thank God for a pleasant night in my own tent, in spite of a tremendous storm, and rain flowing in on the floor in streams. Personally I quite forgave this old man and his agents for my rough treatment, though even to-day I can only move with the greatest discomfort, and ache as though I had rheumatic fever. I have, however, to consider the question in another light; if the matter is passed over unnoticed, it appears to me the safety of all white travellers in these districts will be endangered, so I shall leave the brethren, who know the country and are most affected, to act as they think best. The day passed away very quietly. I amused myself with Bible and diary.

*"25th October, Sunday.*—(Fourth day of imprisonment.) Still a great deal of pain in my limbs. The

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fatigue of dressing quite knocks me over. My guards, though at times they stick to me like leeches, and with two rifles in hand remain at night in my tent, are gradually getting very careless. I have already seen opportunities of escape had I wanted so to do, and I doubt not that in a few days' time, especially if I could get a little extra pombe brought to them, I could walk away quite easily, but I have no such intention. I should be the more inclined to stay should they say go, to be a thorn in the old gentleman's side, and I fear from that feeling of contrariness which is rather inborn. I send him affectionate greetings and reports on my health by his messengers twice a day. What I fear most now is the close confinement and utter want of exercise! When I was almost beginning to think of my time in prison as getting short, the chief has sent men to redouble the fence round me. What does it mean? I have shown no desire or intention of escaping. Has a messenger arrived from Mwanga? There is just time for him to have sent word to tell them to hold me fast. The look of this has cast me down again.

"One of my guards, if I understand him rightly, is making me offers of escape. He has something very secret to communicate, and will not even take my boy into confidence. I do not, however, want to escape under the present circumstances; but at the same time I take great amusement in watching and passing by various little opportunities. My guards and I are great friends, almost affectionate, and one speaks of me as 'My whiteman.'

"Three detachments of the chief's wives—they say he has a thousand nearly—have been to-day to see me. They are very quiet and well-behaved, but greatly



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amused at the prisoner. Mackay's name seems quite a household word; I constantly hear it.

"My men are kept in close confinement, except two, who come daily backwards and forwards to bring my food. This they take in turns, and implore, so I hear, for the job.

"*26th October, Monday.*—(Fifth day in prison.) Limbs and bruises and stiffness better, but I am heavy and sleepy. Was not inclined to get up as usual, and, if I mistake not, signs of fever creep over me. Mackay should get my letter to-day, and sufficient time has passed for the chief to receive an answer to his first message, sent before I was seized, the nature of which I know not; probably—'Whiteman is stopping here. Shall I send him on? Waiting Your Majesty's pleasure.' If they do not guess who it is they will very likely, African fashion, talk about it two or three days first of all, and then send a message back leisurely with Mwanga's permission for me to advance.

"About thirty-three more of the chief's wives came and disported themselves with gazing at the prisoner. I was very poorly and utterly disinclined to pay any attention to them, and said in English, 'Oh, ladies, if you knew how ill I feel you would go.' When my food arrived in the middle of the day I was unable to eat. The first time, I think, since leaving the coast I have refused a meal. To-day I am very broken down, both in health and spirits, and some of the murmuring feelings which I thought that I had conquered have returned hard upon me. Another party of wives coming, I returned into the hut, and declined to see them. A third party came later on, and being a little better I came out and lay upon my bed. It is not

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pleasant to be examined as a caged lion in the Zoo, and yet that is exactly my state at the present time. My tent is jammed in between the hut and high fence of the Boma, so scarce a breath of air reaches me. Then at night, though the tent is a vast improvement on the hut, yet two soldiers reeking with pombe and other smells sleep beside me, and the other part of my guard, not far short of twenty, laugh and drink and shout far into the night, and begin again before daylight in the morning, waking up from time to time to shout out to my sentries to know if all is well. I fear all this is telling on my health tremendously.

*"27th October, Tuesday.—(Sixth day as prisoner.)* All I can hear in the way of news is that the chief has sent men to fight those parts we passed through. I begin to doubt if he has sent to Mwanga at all, but thinks I am in league with the fighting party, and is keeping me hostage. I begin the day better in health, though I had a most disturbed night. I am very low in spirits; it looks so dark, and having been told that the first messengers would return *at the latest to-day*. Last night the chief's messenger said perhaps they might be here as soon as Thursday, but seemed to doubt it. I don't know what to think and would say from the heart, 'Let the Lord do what seemeth to Him good.' If kept here another week I shall feel sure no messengers have been sent, and if possible shall endeavour to flee, in spite of all the property I must leave behind, and the danger of the undertaking.

"Only a few ladies came to see the wild beast to-day. I felt so low and wretched that I retired within my den, whither they, some of them, followed me; but as it was too dark to see me, and I refused to speak, they soon left.

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"The only news to-day is that two white men, one tall and the other short, have arrived in Akota, and the Sultan has detained them. It is only a report that has followed me. I am the tall man, and Pinto, my Goa cook, the short one; he is almost always taken for a white man, and dresses as such. I fear, however, with these fearfully suspicious people, it may affect me seriously. I am very low, and cry to God for release.

"*28th October, Wednesday.*—(Seventh day's prison.) A terrible night, first with noisy drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent, and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.

"In an hour or two fever developed very rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious.

"Evening; fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers, but what news they bring they will not yet let me know.

"Much comforted by Psalm xxviii.

"*29th October, Thursday.*—(Eighth day's prison.) I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

This is the last entry in the diary, and there is little doubt but that the Bishop was actually writing the final words when his guards came in to lead him to his death. It is a noble and pathetic record, and presents James Hannington at his best; quickened by every





THE BISHOP'S BETRAYAL



## James Hannington

earthly privation, and by affliction upon affliction, to the last limit of endurance, into transcendent faith and purest courage.

Of Mwanga's share in bringing about his death the Bishop had no suspicion. To the last he had waited and hoped for the return of the messengers sent to Uganda, confident that they would bring instructions for his release. Indeed it is probable that on the day of his death he was told these messengers had actually arrived, and that the lie was used as an excuse for hurrying him from his prison hut to the place of execution.

From the hut he was escorted through the forest to a place at some considerable distance from the village. He was told that at the end of the journey his men would rejoin him, and buoyed up by this hope he endured a toilsome two hours' walk, which must have been a terrible strain on his enfeebled frame. Most likely he thought the worst was now over, and that with his men he would now be permitted to proceed on his way to Uganda. But this hope was quickly and cruelly shattered. He did indeed rejoin his men; but when he saw them, naked, bound, and huddled together like sheep, he knew that for him and for them the end had come. Yet even in that supreme moment his courage did not fail him. His caravan men—except those who escaped, and carried news of the massacre to Mr. Jones—were speared to death by the fierce warriors of Lubwa; and then the natives told off to murder the Bishop closed round him to do their work. But for an instant he checked them. With uplifted hand, and in that impressive manner which never failed to secure respect for him, even from the

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fiercest savage, he bade them tell their king that he had died for the people of Uganda, and that he had purchased the road to their country with his life. Then the signal was given; and a moment later the soul of James Hannington was freed from the maimed and tortured body; the release for which he had prayed had been given him.

His last words to his friends in England—written, probably by the light of some camp fire—were these: “If this is the last chapter of my earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly—no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb!”

When the men who had escaped the massacre reached Kwa Sundu with their dread news, Mr. Jones could not at first believe it; and for a month or so he remained there, hoping always that the report of the Bishop's death might not, after all, be true. He would have tried himself to reach Usoga, but the effort would probably have involved the sacrifice of the entire caravan, and even had it succeeded no good purpose would have been served. So, reluctantly and full of sorrow, he began to make his way back to Rabai on 8th December, and two months later—on 4th February, 1886—he reached his journey's end.

The travellers reached Rabai at sunrise, and the little Christian community there were on their way to early service when the sound of guns heralded the coming of messengers, who brought the news that the Bishop's caravan was approaching. Soon other guns announced the coming of the travellers, and the whole settlement turned out to meet the pitiful procession of tired and travel-worn men. At its head was one

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who carried a blue pennon—the sign of mourning amongst Africans—on which was sewn in white letters the word “Ichabod.” “Behind the standard-bearer,” writes Mr. Dawson, “amid a crowd of weeping and distraught women and friends, limped a straggling line of sorry-looking men, staggering beneath their diminished loads,—a feeble crew, lean and weary and travel-stained, most of them garmentless or clothed in hides. Behind them came a battered white helmet, and the Bishop’s friend and sharer in his peril was grasping their hands, and taken into their arms. None of them was able to say much ; all were thinking of him who had gone out so hopefully, and whose great heart was now stilled for ever.”

And to-day the hope that sustained James Hannington—the hope of evangelising Central Africa—is being grandly fulfilled by those who have followed him. Ichabod is no fitting epitaph for him. The glory is not departed. The work for which he lived and died received a tremendous impetus by his martyrdom. Within a few weeks after the news came to England, fifty men had offered themselves to the Church Missionary Society for service in the mission-field ; and Hannington’s name has continued ever since to be an inspiration to many. Being dead, he yet speaks ; and so long as Christian Englishmen respect the last mandate of their Lord and Master, so long will the story of James Hannington be an incentive to them to give up all that they hold dear—even life itself, if need be—in obedience to the Divine command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

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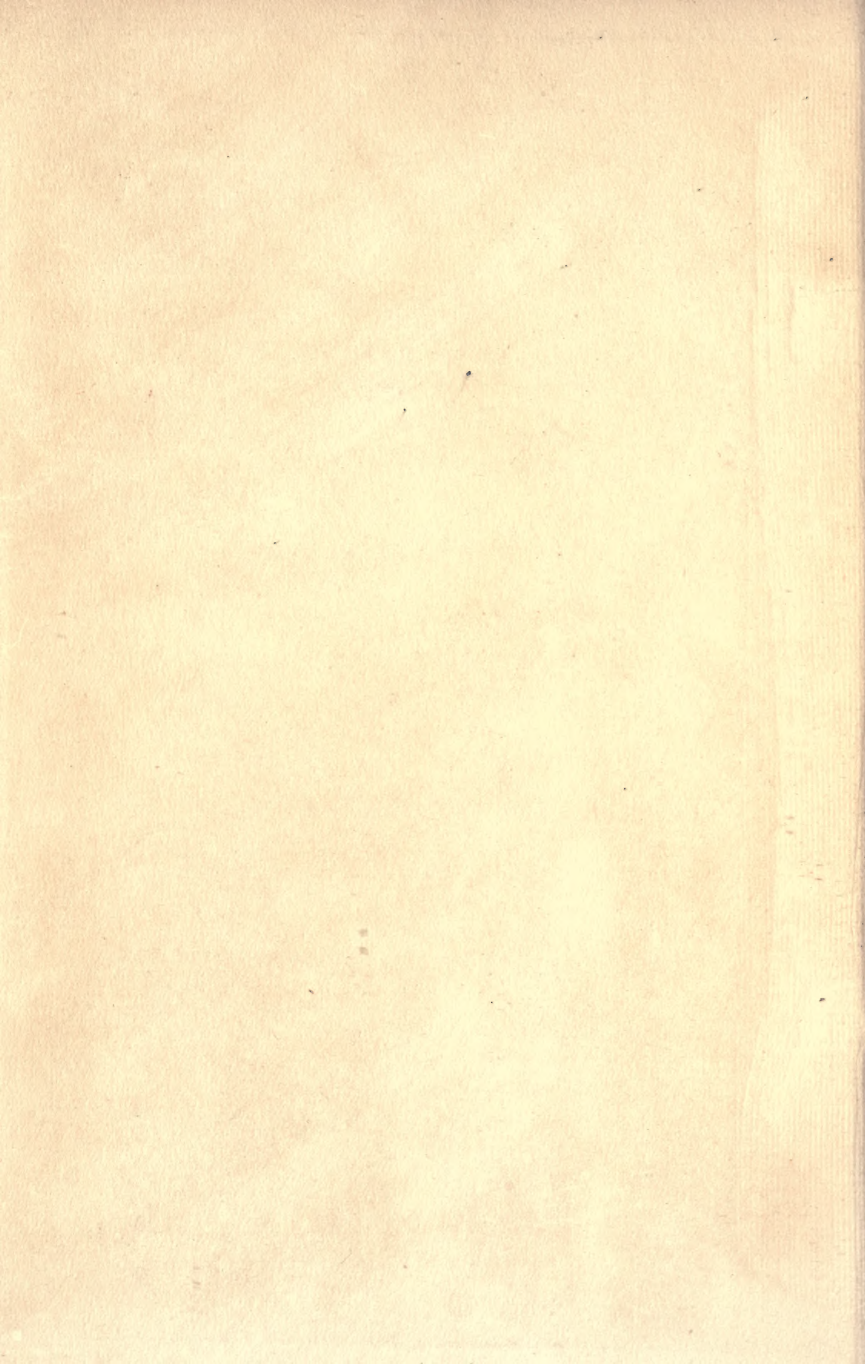
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